

# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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Established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the country, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable.

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### TRAFFIC OFFICER KILLED

Police Officer Robert C. Scott was fatally injured while on duty at the foot of Washington Square Monday morning, being knocked over by a Buick car driven by W. Harold Peckham of New York, a son of the late William Clarence Peckham of Middletown. The injured man was hurried to the Newport Hospital where death resulted within a few hours. Although he was able to speak a few words when first picked up, he quickly lapsed into unconsciousness and continued in that condition until he died. It was realized from the first that his condition was critical, as there was every indication of a fractured skull. Preparations had been made for a critical operation in the forlorn hope of saving his life, when it immediately became apparent that death was close at hand, and the end came in a few minutes. Mrs. Scott had been notified of the accident and was in the hospital when the end came, as well as a brother, Mr. Richard B. Scott, and Chief of Police Toblin.

The accident was most distressing to all concerned, but there is apparently no indication of criminal carelessness on the part of the operator of the machine. Mr. Peckham had driven his car down Touro street and was crossing the Parade to pass the traffic guide on the proper side, when the officer was struck and knocked to the ground. The weather at the time was very wet, and the wind shield was continually blurred, although every effort was made to keep it clear. Those who saw the accident said that the car was moving very slowly, but apparently the officer could not be seen until he was struck. It does not appear that the blow was a hard one, but in falling he probably struck his head on the car rail, causing a fracture of the skull.

Officer Scott was picked up and hurried to the hospital in another auto, where he was given immediate medical attention. In the meantime, Mr. Peckham went to the Police Station and made a full report of the accident; his statement being borne out by those who saw the accident. The State Board of Public Roads have suspended his license pending a complete investigation, but it is not believed that there will be any criminal proceedings.

Officer Scott was a son of the late Police Captain David L. Scott, and had been a member of the force for about twelve years. He had served as motorcycle officer for several summers, but for several months had been on duty at the foot of Washington Square. The traffic stand has not been used this winter and the officer has been accustomed to move around the vicinity instead of remaining in one fixed place as is generally customary in the summer months.

Mr. Scott is survived by his wife, his mother, two brothers, Messrs. Richard B. Scott and Deloss H. Scott, and one sister, Mrs. Emily Rupp.

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was quite a large number of spectators in the belief that some action might be taken in the Beach matter. Nothing definite was done, however. A brief had been submitted from Mr. Waterman, representing Mr. Cascambas, and Mr. Nolan, representing the Newport Beach Association wished to reply to it, but was advised to submit a communication. The Board voted to make an inspection of the Beach on Saturday afternoon, taking along the specifications of the Beach Commission.

The board decided not to change its attitude on the account with the Town of Middletown for fire protection, although a committee from the Town Council had asked for a reduction in the bill. It was also voted to send another bill for services of the department at the site on the property of Mrs. William R. Hunter.

Chief Tobin reported the death of Patrolman Robert C. Scott, paying a high tribute to him, and later Mayor Mahoney announced the appointment of Daniel J. Downing as a member of the permanent force.

A large amount of routine business was transacted.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., will hold its annual Easter Templar ball on Monday evening, April 17, in Masonic Hall. For several years the dancers of Newport have looked forward to this occasion as the big event of the spring season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hess have returned from a vacation of several weeks spent in Atlantic City and elsewhere.

### REV. W. S. JONES RESIGNS

At the morning service at Channing Memorial Church last Sunday morning, Rev. William Safford Jones read his resignation as minister of the Church, to take effect on May 1, at which time Mr. Jones will become minister of the South Parish Church at Portsmouth, N. H. The members of the congregation were visibly affected by the approaching loss of their minister and after the service many words of sincere regret were heard.

Mr. Jones has been minister of the Channing Church for nearly seventeen years, and during that time has endeared himself to everyone with whom he has come in contact. He has taken a deep interest in the affairs of the city, and has been an active worker for all that is right and good in the community. He has been an active worker in the local ministers' Union, and as such has been prominently identified with a number of movements for the betterment of conditions here. Mr. Jones is an ardent patriot, and accomplished effective work at home during the war. At a convention in Boston during the war he attracted nation-wide recognition by the fearless and able manner in which he defeated a pacifist resolution which had crept in.

Mr. Jones is the historian of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, and Chaplain of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M. He will be greatly missed by an unusually large circle of friends throughout the city.

### SUPERIOR COURT

At the session of the Superior Court on Monday the jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case against James J. Connell charged with receiving stolen goods.

The next case was a civil action, a contest of the will of Mrs. Amanda S. Muenchinger. The case was brought in the name of Mrs. Muenchinger's niece, Irene M. Huebel, who had expected to be a beneficiary. When the will was read it was found that all the property had been left to Burton J. Baldwin. The appellant claimed undue influence had been exerted on testatrix. Many witnesses were heard. After the testimony was in, Judge Capostosto directed the jury to bring in a verdict sustaining the will. The case occupied several days.

On Thursday the divorce case of Elizabeth Brown vs. Harvey C. Brown was heard and granted. In the case of Genaro Esposito vs. Gandy Candy Company, the defendant was called and defaulted. Jurors were discharged for the term, but a new set will be required for next week, when Judge Baker will preside. A number of cases will go on trial before him.

Alfred G. Koschny was on Friday sentenced to twenty-three years in State Prison at hard labor.

Ill. Frederick E. Leonard, Thrice Potent Master of King Solomon Grand Lodge of Perfection, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, paid a visit to Van Rensselaer Lodge in this city on Tuesday evening, with full board of officers, and exemplified the work before the local body. The visitors were accompanied by Ill. George H. Holmes, Deputy for Rhode Island, and Ill. Manton N. Coombs, Commander-in-Chief of Rhode Island Consistory. Previous to the meeting the visitors were entertained at supper at the Canton Restaurant.

It is expected that at the financial town meeting in the town of Jamestown next week, Mr. P. H. Horgan of this city will present a proposition to buy the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company and operate it. Mr. Horgan is a large property owner in both Jamestown and Newport, and like other property holders he has felt the need for greatly improved ferry service.

Although a report reached Newport a few days ago that orders had been issued from the Navy Department to close the Melville Coaling Station, a despatch from Washington says that Secretary Denby has informed Congressman Burdick that no such order had been issued, although the subject had been discussed. It is hoped that the Station will not be closed.

The Sons of Italy tendered a banquet to Justice Antonio A. Capostosto at the Perry House on Monday evening, at which high tribute was paid to the ability and qualifications of the new Superior Court Judge, the first of his race to be elevated to that position in Rhode Island.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman is at the Newport Hospital, where he was operated upon last Saturday. He is progressing as well as could be expected.

### EASTON'S BEACH HEARING

Representatives of the three bidders for the lease of Easton's Beach were given a hearing before the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, and took occasion to explain their bids and show how the city would benefit by the proposition offered. Mr. William MacLeod was the speaker for the Easton's Beach Corporation, Mr. Lewis A. Waterman of Providence for A. B. Cascambas, and Mr. F. F. Nolan for the Newport Beach Association, the present lessees. A feature of the meeting was the receipt by Mayor Mahoney of many telegrams and messages from summer residents, and others, urging that the Easton's Beach Corporation be given the lease.

The meeting was quite a long one, and each speaker pointed out the merits of his own bid and the defects of the others. There was some talk about an absence of detailed specifications, but each bidder was apparently concerned only in the interests of the city. No action was taken by the board, the whole subject being held for further consideration.

### LOCAL THEATRES CLOSING

There is quite a contrast in the local theatrical business today as compared with the conditions that prevailed in war time. Then every house in Newport was packed at each performance, and there was much talk of building new playhouses. In fact, steps had been taken to build an addition to the Bijou even to the extent of making excavations and purchasing immense steel girders for the new building. The cessation of the war caused a curtailment of the plans, and the girders were afterward used in raising the Andriesse building at the foot of Main avenue. Since then the local theatrical business has steadily shrunk. The Bijou had been closed for several months until this week, when it was opened after the Colonial was closed. Now it is planned to close the Opera House for a time.

### MRS. J. C. MACKENZIE

Mrs. Judson C. Mackenzie of Fall River, who was well known in this city, died in Baltimore on Sunday after a short illness. With Mr. Mackenzie she had been spending several weeks in the South, and on their way home they stopped at Baltimore for a short visit with their son. There she was taken ill and was removed to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she died.

She is survived by her husband, who is president of the well known grain firm of Mackenzie & Winslow, Inc., and two sons, Joseph W. Mackenzie of Fall River, and John B. Mackenzie of Baltimore. The interment took place in Fall River.

There was a lively fire in a house on Dean avenue Tuesday afternoon, necessitating a call for the fire department from box 51. The fire was in the upper floor and when the department arrived the flames were breaking through the roof, causing considerable work for the firemen. An aged woman, who occupied the apartment on the first floor, was removed to a place of safety in an adjoining residence. The fire was apparently caused by an oil heater which had been left burning. The loss on the building was covered by insurance.

Congressman Burdick has appeared before the sub-committee on naval affairs of the House committee on appropriations to show the comparative costs of training at Newport and at Hampton Roads. Mr. Burdick was supplied with figures that show an immense saving at the Newport Station as compared with one further South. Also he spoke of the permanent buildings and other advantages of Newport.

There was a lively brush fire at the north end of Jamestown last Sunday, threatening much valuable property around Conanicut Park. The whole fire fighting force of the town and a large company of volunteers had a fight of several hours before the flames were subdued.

There was a large gathering of members of the Masonic fraternity in Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, when Past Masters Albert Knight and J. Willard Baker of Pawtucket delivered interesting addresses. There were musical numbers and refreshments were served.

Next summer will see a fast flying boat in Newport, Mr. Vincent Astor having purchased a new type of craft to convey him between Newport and Southampton, Long Island.

### MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

The regular session of the Probate Court and Town Council was held at the town hall on Monday, March 20, all the members being present.

The following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Lida W. Peckham—Estate was represented insolvent and on petition of Clinton G. Smith, administrator, Lewis L. Simmons was appointed Commissioner, to hear and determine claims disallowed. Three months from April 1, 1922, were allowed to creditors to bring in and prove their claims.

On the petition of Administrator, he was authorized to sell at auction a parcel of real estate on Aquidneck avenue, comprising two acres of land and a dwelling house, first giving bond in the sum of \$4,000, with Edward E. Peckham as surety.

Estate of Carrie L. Peckham—The first and final account of Edward E. Peckham, Executor, was continued to the third Monday in April.

Estate of John Dring—An inventory amounting to \$64, 905.67 was presented by George W. Callahan and Isabella Dring, Administrators, allowed and ordered recorded.

In Town Council it was decided to continue the division of the highways into four districts, the same as in former years; \$6,000 was apportioned to each district for repair work, and Surveyors were appointed as follows:

District No. 1, John H. Spooner; No. 2, Charles S. Ritchie; No. 3, Chester B. Brown; No. 4, Joseph A. Peckham.

John H. Peckham, Collector of Taxes of the years 1914, 1915, 1916 and 1917, presented a report showing a payment to the town treasurer of the full amount of the taxes assessed for these four years. The report was received and ordered on file.

For work on the highway it was voted to allow for a day eight hours in length, \$3 to a man, \$7 to a double team with driver, and \$5 to a single team and driver.

Joseph A. Peckham was appointed a committee to purchase a new road scraper, and one that could be operated by one pair of horses. Henry C. Sherman was appointed a committee to purchase tarvia and attend to its application to the road beds.

There were several applications before the Council in reference to the condition of several pieces of highway and the need of extensive repairs.

One petition signed by William L. Howard and seven others invited the attention of the Town Council to the unsatisfactory condition of the east end of Miantonomi avenue, representing that at times during the past winter this road had been impassable.

Another petition was presented, signed by Louis J. Barry and nearly all the owners of land bordering on the Boulevard and Boulevard Terrace, asking that a substantial road bed of one thousand feet in length be constructed on the Boulevard, to extend from the West Main Road to Boulevard Terrace. The petitioners claimed that the condition of this section of road during the past winter had been such as to render it impossible for the persons living on Boulevard Terrace to procure household supplies, fire protection or any medical attendance. The petitioners had never asked or received much in return for the town taxes paid by them, and they now asked for a part of the highway appropriation of 1922, to be expended on the Boulevard, as a matter of just dealing with them as citizens and taxpayers of the town.

A third petition, asking for needed repairs on South Aquidneck avenue, was also before the Council. This section of road is included in the State Highway system, but has never been constructed, and a letter from the State Board of Public Roads, presented with the petition, denied any responsibility of the Board for its present condition.

This petition was signed by Joseph C. Perry and seventeen others. The bad state of Valley Road was also represented to the Council as requiring an immediate outlay of money, to render it safe and convenient. The Council decided to make a personal inspection of the highways complained of, as well as others, before determining upon any line of action. In the meantime, the petitions are all held for further consideration.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Alvin P. Smith & Son, for load of sand, \$4; Charles A. Sherman, for shovelling snow, \$6; Frank Nunes, Jr., for shovelling snow, \$9.20; Newport Hospital, for board and care of persons suffering from contagious diseases, \$403.50; Thomas G. Ward, for services as Town Sergeant, \$16.50; for services as janitor at town hall, \$31; John H. Peckham, for salary as Tax Collector for four years from 1914-1918, \$800; David J. Byrne, for 1 doz. Formaldyhyde candles, \$6; Edward S. Peckham, for 4400 lbs. of coal furnished for Town Clerk's office, \$33.08; Joel Peckham, for services as Clerk of Public School Committee for 1 year, \$75; Herald Publishing Co., for advertising Notice of Canvass, \$12.25; Health Dept. City of Newport, for antitoxin, \$23.16; Marguerite Elliott, for examining cultures, \$22; Pinniger & Manchester Co., for coal and wood furnished for heating Town Hall, \$40; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at Town Hall, \$2.94; New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., for use of three telephones during month of March, \$7.6; May E. Manchester, for 4 weeks' assistance in Town Clerk's office, \$40.

Mr. Perry G. Randall celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on Monday at his home. He is in the best of health and works as a carpenter every day. He is said to be one of the oldest carpenters in the State. A salad supper, including ice cream and a large angel cake, were served. Mrs. Randall, who has been ill, is greatly improved. Mr. and Mrs. Randall quietly observed their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver G. Hicks of Bristol Ferry quietly observed the 45th anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday. They received cards from many relatives and friends.

The Helping Hand held an all-day session on Tuesday at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage.

St. Paul's Guild met at the Rectory on Tuesday afternoon with a good attendance.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin, who has been seriously ill, is somewhat improved.

News has been received from Mr. and Mrs. John L. Borden and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb. The letters received were mailed from their first stopping-place on February 20. They were mailed from St. Michael's.

and Charles S. Ritchie, \$18 each; Albert L. Chase, for services and expenses as Town Clerk, \$309.25; Kate A. Thurston, payment on account of Public Health Nurse, \$200.

### PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Mr. George A. Faulkner, one of the oldest residents of this town, died at his home on Power street on Monday, after a long illness. Mr. Faulkner, who was 84 years of age, was a captain of a fishing schooner for many years. For the past few years he has had a boat of his own and has fished and sold quahaugs.

He was three times married. His first wife was Mary Louisa Carry, and to them was born one child, who died at the age of three months. The second wife was Fannie Van Ostrand of Greenport, Long Island, and one son, Walter Irving Faulkner, was born, who survived him and who has been caring for him. The third wife was Mrs. Fannie J. Almy, who died about two years ago. The funeral was held on Thursday at his late home at 2 o'clock. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Fish, who is ill at the Newport Hospital, has had one leg amputated, in an attempt to save his life, and is now in a very critical condition.

Mr. Emerson A. Bishop was presented with a veteran's jewel of Oakland Hall by the treasurer of Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I.O.O.F., at a recent meeting. The jewel, which is of gold and enamel, is inscribed on the back and is marked for the number of years which Mr. Bishop has been a member of the Lodge. It was thirty-four years ago last November when he first became a member and he has taken an active interest in the Lodge ever since. He is the Recording Secretary at present, and is a very faithful and efficient officer.

A number of persons from this town were present at a surprise birthday party which was given Mrs. Grover Douglas of Tiverton, at her home, by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lester Cooley, on Tuesday evening.

A cook stove has been purchased by Oakland and Sarah Rebekah lodges and installed in the kitchen of Oakland Hall, to replace the old stove which has done duty there for a great many years. The old stove,

# The INDIAN DRUM

William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer



Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

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## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Worthy and highly placed in the Chicago business world, Benjamin Corvet is something of a recluse and a mystery to his associates. After a stormy interview with his father, Henry Spearman, Corvet seeks Constance Sherrill, daughter of his other business partner, Lawrence Sherrill, and secures from her a promise not to marry Spearman. He then disappears. Sherrill learns Corvet has written to a certain Alan Conrad, in Blue Rapids, Kansas, and exhibited strange agitation over the matter.

CHAPTER II.—Corvet's letter summons Conrad, a youth of unknown parentage, to Chicago.

CHAPTER III.—From a statement of Sherrill it seems probable Conrad is Corvet's illegitimate son. Corvet has deeded his house and its contents to Alan.

CHAPTER IV.—Alan takes possession of his new home.

CHAPTER V.—That night Alan discovers a man ransacking the desks and bureau drawers in Corvet's apartments. The appearance of Alan tremendously agitates the intruder, who appears to think him a ghost and raves of "the shwaka." After a struggle the man escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—Next day Alan learns from Sherrill that Corvet has deeded his entire property to him. Introduced to Spearman, Alan is astounded at the discovery that he is the man whom he had found in his house the night before.

CHAPTER VII.—Alan tells a one of his strange encounter, but in a private interview taxes Spearman with the fact. Spearman laughs at and deems him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Corvet's Indian servant, Wassaguani, tells Alan he believes his employer is dead. He also tells him the legend of the Indian Drum, which according to old superstition had once for every life lost on the Great Lakes, twenty years before, caused a freighter, "Luka," to come down with twenty-five on board, but the Drum had sounded for only twenty-four, leaving the inference that one person had been saved, since it was general belief that the drum never erred. Pursuing a stranger who had made a disturbance at his house, Alan is stugged and rendered unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.—Conrad recovers, and the affair remains a mystery.

CHAPTER X.—Alan learns from Wassaguani that it was Corvet's habit to keep the sum of \$100 in the house, apparently to meet the demands of certain Indians who had come periodically to the absence of Wassaguani. "Luka" comes to the house demanding to see Corvet. He is evidently in a dying condition, due to alcohol and exposure. Conrad tries without avail to get him to explain his connection with Corvet. The man dies. Wassaguani gives Conrad a paper; it is a list of names.

CHAPTER XI.—From the document Alan thinks he may have a clue to the mystery surrounding Corvet's life and disappearance. He leaves Chicago to visit Lake Michigan ports in search of the persons whose names were on the list.

## CHAPTER XII

The Things From Corvet's Pockets.

"Miss Constance Sherrill,  
Harbor Springs, Michigan."

The address, in large scrawling letters, was written across the brown paper of the package which had been brought from the post office in the little resort village only a few moments before. The paper covered a shoe box, crushed and old, bearing the name of "S. Klug, Dealer in Fine Shoes, Manitowoc, Wisconsin." The box, like the outside wrapping, was carefully tied with a string.

Constance, knowing no one in Manitowoc and surprised at the nature of the package, glanced at the postmark on the brown paper which she had removed; it too was stamped Manitowoc. She cut the strings about the box and took off the cover. A black and brown dotted silk cloth lined the box; and, seeing it, Constance caught her breath. It was—at least it was very like—the muffler which Uncle Benny used to wear in winter.

She started with trembling fingers to take it from the box; then, realizing from the weight of the package that the cloth was only a wrapping or, at least, that other things were in the box, she picked up box and wrapping and ran up to her room. She locked the door and put the box upon the bed; now she lifted out the cloth. It was a wrapping, for the heavier things came with it; and now, also, it revealed itself plainly as the scarf—Uncle Benny's scarf! A paper fluttered out as she began to unroll it—a little cross-lined leaf evidently torn from a pocket memorandum book. It had been folded and rolled up. She spread it out; writing was upon it, the small irregular letters of Uncle Benny's hand.

"Send to Alan Conrad," she read; there followed a Chicago address—the number of Uncle Benny's house on Astor street. Below this was another line:

"Better care of Constance Sherrill (Miss)." There followed the Sherrill's address upon the Drive. And to this was another correction:

"Not after June 12; then to Harbor Springs, Mich. Ask some one of that; be sure the date; after June 12."

Constance, trembling, unrolled the scarf; now coins showed from a fold, next a pocketknife, rusted and rusty, next a watch—a man's large gold watch with the case queerly puffed and worn completely through in places, and last a plain little band of gold of the size for a woman's finger—a wedding ring. Constance, gasping and with fingers shaking so from excitement that she could scarcely hold these objects, picked them up and examined them—the ring first.

It very evidently was, as she had immediately thought, a wedding ring once fitted for a finger only a trifle less slender than her own. One side of the gold band was very much worn, not with the sort of wear which a ring gets on a hand, but by some different sort of abrasion. The other side of the band was roughened and

This was Uncle Benny's country. Here, twenty-five years before, he had first met Henry, whose birthplace—a farm, deserted now—was only a few miles back among the hills. Here, before that, Uncle Benny had been a young man, active, vigorous, ambitious. He had loved this country for itself and for its traditions, its Indian legends and fantastic stories. Half her own love for it—and, since her childhood, it had been to her a region of delight—was due to him and to the things he had told her about it. Distant and definite memories of that companionship came to her. This little bay, which had become now for the most part only a summer playground for such as she, had been once a place where he and other men had struggled to grow rich swiftly; he had outlined for her the ruined lumber docks and pointed out to her the locations of the dismantled sawmills. It was he who had told her the names of the freighters passing far out, and the names of the lighthouses, and something about each. He had told her, too, about the Indians. She remembered one starry night when he had pointed out to her in the sky the Indian "Way of Ghosts," the Milky Way, along which, by ancient Indian belief, the souls of Indians traveled up to heaven; and how, later, lying on the recessed seat beside the fireplace where she could touch the dogs upon the hearth, he had pointed out to her through the window the Indian "Way of Dogs" among the constellations, by which the dogs too could make that journey. It was he who had told her about Michabon and the animals; and he had been the first to tell her of the Drum.

The disgrace, unhappiness, the threat of something worse which must have made death a relief to Uncle Benny, she had seen pass on now to Alan. What more had come to Alan since she had last heard of him?

Word had reached her father through shipping circles in May and again in July which talk of inquiries regarding Uncle Benny which made her and her father believe that Alan was searching for his father upon the lakes. Now these articles which had arrived made plain to her that he would never find Uncle Benny; he would learn, through others or through themselves, that Uncle Benny was dead. Would he believe then that there was no longer any chance of learning what his father had done? Would he remain away because of that, not letting her see or hear from him again?

She went back and picked up the wedding ring. The thought which had come to her that this was Alan's mother's wedding ring, had fastened itself upon her with a sense of certainty. It defended that unknown mother. It freed her, at least, from the stigma which Constance's own mother had been so ready to cast. Constance could not yet begin to place Uncle Benny in relation to that ring; but she was beginning to be able to think of Alan and his mother. She held the little band of gold very tenderly in her hand; she was glad that, as the accusation against his mother had come through her people, she could tell him soon of this. She could not send the ring to him, nor knowing where he was; that was too much risk. But she could ask him to come to her; this gave that right.

She sat thoughtful for several minutes, the ring clasped warmly in her hand; then she went to her desk and wrote:

"Mr. John Welton,  
Blue Rapids, Kansas."

"Dear Mr. Welton:

"It is possible that Alan Conrad has mentioned me—or at least told you of my father—in connection with his stay in Chicago. After Alan left Chicago, my father wrote twice to his Blue Rapids address, but evidently he had instructed the postmaster there to forward his mail and had not made any change in those instructions, for the letters were returned to Alan's address, and in that way came back to us. We did not like to press inquiries further than that, as of course he could have communicated with us if he had not felt that there was some reason for not doing so. Now, however, something of such supreme importance to him has come to us that it is necessary for us to get word to him at once. If you can tell me any address at which he can be reached by telegraph or mail—or where a messenger can find him—it will oblige us very much and will be to his interest."

She hesitated, about to sign it; then, impulsively, she added:

"I trust you know that we have Alan's interest at heart and that you can safely tell us anything you may know as to where he is or what he may be doing. We all liked him here so very much . . . ."

She signed her name. There were still two other letters to write. Only the handwriting of the address upon the package, the Manitowoc postmark and the shoe box furnished clues to the sender of the ring and the watch and the other things. Constance herself could not trace those clues, but Henry or her father could. She wrote to both of them, therefore, describing the articles which had come and relating what she had done.

The next noon she received a wire from Henry that he was "coming up." It did not surprise her, as she had expected him the end of the week.

That evening, she sat with her mother on the wide, screened veranda. The lights of some boat, turning in between the points and moving swiftly caught her attention. As it entered the path of the moonlight, its look was so like that of Henry's power yacht that she arose. It was his way, as soon as he had decided to leave business again and go to her, to arrive as soon as possible; that had been his way recently, particularly. So the sight of the yacht stirred her warmly and she watched while it ran in close, stopped and instantly dropped a dingy from the davits. She saw Henry in the stern of the little boat; it disappeared in the shadow of a pier . . . she heard, presently, the gravel of the walk crunch under his quick steps, and then she saw him in the moonlight among the trees. She

went down on the path to meet him. "How quickly you came!"

"You let yourself think you needed me, Connie!"

"I did . . . ."

He had caught her hand in his and he held it while he brought her to the porch and exchanged greetings with her mother. Then he led her on past and into the house.

When she saw his face in the light, there were signs of strain in it.

"You're tired, Henry!"

He shook his head. "It's been rotten hot in Chicago; then I guess I was mentally stoking all the way up here, Connie. But first, where are the things you wanted me to see?"

She ran upstairs and brought them down to him. Her hands were shaking now as she gave them to him; she could not exactly understand why; but her tremor increased as she saw his big hands fumbling as he unwrapped the muffler and shook out the things it inclosed. He took them up one by one and looked at them, as she had done. His fingers were steady now, but only by masterly control, the effort for which amazed her.

He had the watch in his hands.

"The inscription is inside the front," she said.

She pried the cover open again and read, with him, the words engraved within.

"As master of . . . What ship was he master of, then, Henry, and how did he rescue the Winnebago's people?"

"He never talked to me about things like that, Constance. This is all?"

"Yes."

Henry put the things back in the box. "Of course, this is the end of Benjamin Corvet."

"Of course," Constance said. She was shaking again and, without willing it, she withdrew a little from Henry. He caught her hand again and drew her back toward him. His hand was quite steady.

"You know why I came to you as quick as I could? You know why—I why my mind was behind every thrust of the engines?"

"No."

"You don't? Oh, you know; you must know now!"

"Yes, Henry," she said.

"I've been patient, Connie. Till I got your letter telling me this about Ben, I'd waited for you sake—for our sakes—though it seemed at times it was impossible. You haven't known quite what's the matter between us these last months, little girl; but I've known. We've been engaged; but that's about all there's been to it. Don't think I make little of that; you know what I mean. You've been true; but—but you haven't let me realize it, you see. And I've been patient, for I knew the reason. It was Ben poisoning your mind against me!"

"No! No! Henry!"

"You've denied it; I've recognized that you've denied it, not only to me and to your people, but to yourself. I, of course, knew, as I know that I am here with your hand in mine, and as we will stand before the altar together, that he had no cause to speak against me. I've waited, Connie, to give him a chance to say to you what he had to say; I wanted you to hear it before making you wholly wise. But now there's no need to wait any longer, you and I. Ben's gone, never to come back. I was sure of that by what you wrote me, so this time when I started to you I brought with me—this."

He felt in his pocket and brought out a ring of plain gold; he held it before her so that she could see within it her own initials and his and a blank locket for the date. Her gaze went from it for an instant to the box where he had put back the other ring—Alan's mother's. Feeling for her long ago gazing thus, as she must have, at that ring, held her for a moment. Was it because of that that Constance found herself cold now?

"You mean you want me to marry you—at once, Henry?"

He drew her to him powerfully; she felt him warm, almost rough with passion. Since that day when, in



He Drew Her to Him Powerfully; She Felt Him Warm, Almost Rough With Passions.

Alan Conrad's presence, he had grasped and kissed her, she had not let him "realize" their engagement, as he had put it.

"Why not?" he turned her face up to his now. "Your mother's here; your father will follow soon; or, if you will, we'll run away—Constance! You've kept me off so long! You don't believe there's anything against me, dear? Do you? Do you?"

"No; no! Of course not!"

"Then we're going to be married. . . . Right away, we'll have it then; up here; now!"

"No; not now, Henry. Not up here!"

"Not here? Why not?"

She could give no answer. He held her and commanded her again; only when he frightened her, he ceased.

"Why must it be at once, Henry? I

don't understand!"

"It's not just, dear," he dealed. "It's just that I want you so!"

When would it be, he demanded then; before spring, she promised at last. But that was all he could make her say. And so he let her go.

The next evening, in the moonlight, she drove him to Petoskey. He had messaged to send and preferred to trust the telegraph office in the larger town.

Alan was driving northward along the long, sandy peninsula which separates the blue waters of Grand Traverse from Lake Michigan; and, thinking of Constance, he knew that she was near. He not only had remembered that she would be north at Harbor Point this month; he had seen in one of the Petoskey papers that she and her mother were at the Sherrill summer home. His business now was taking him nearer them than he had been at any time before; and, if he wished to weaken, he might convince himself that he might learn from her circumstances which would aid him in his task. But he was not going to her for help; that was following in his father's footsteps. When he knew everything, then—not till then—he could go to her; for then he would know exactly what was upon him and what he should do.

His visits to the people named on those sheets written by his father had been confusing at first; he had had great difficulty in tracing some of them at all; and, afterward, he could uncover no certain connection either between them and Benjamin Corvet or between themselves. But recently, he had been succeeding better in this latter.

He had seen—he reckoned them over again—fourteen of the twenty-one named originally on Benjamin Corvet's lists; that is, he had seen either the individual originally named, or the surviving relative written in below the name crossed off. He had found that the crossing-out of the name meant that the person was dead, except in the case of two who had left the country, and whose whereabouts were as unknown to their present relatives as they had been to Benjamin Corvet, and the case of one other, who was in an insane asylum.

He had found that no one of the persons whom he saw had known Benjamin Corvet personally; many of them did not know him at all, the others knew him only as a name. But, when Alan proceeded, always there was one connection with each of the original names; always one circumstance bound all together. When he had established that circumstance as influencing the fortunes of the first two on his lists, he had said to himself, as the blood pulsed queerly under the skin, that the fact might be a mere coincidence. When he established it also as affecting the fate of the third and of the fourth and of the fifth, such explanation no longer sufficed; and he found it in common to all fourteen, sometimes as only slightly affecting them, but always it was there.

In how many different ways, in what strange, diverse manifestations that single circumstance had spread to those people whom Alan had interviewed! No two of them had been affected alike, he reckoned, as he went over his notes of them. Now he was going to trace those consequences to another. To what sort of place would it bring him today and what would he find there? He knew only that it would be quite distinct from the rest.

The driver turned aside from the road across a cleared field where ruts showed the passing of many previous vehicles; crossing this, they entered the woods. Little fires for cooking burned all about them, and nearer were parked an immense number of farm wagons and buggies, with horses unharnessed and munching grain. Alan's guide found a place among these for his automobile, and they got out and went forward on foot. All about them, seated upon the grass or walking about, were Indians; family groups among which children played.

Alan saw among those looking on, the bright dresses and sport coats of summer visitors who had come to watch. The figure of a girl among these caught his attention, and he started; then swiftly he told himself that it was only his thinking of Constance Sherrill that made him believe this was she. But now she had seen him; she paled, then as quickly flushed, and leaving the group she had been with, came toward him.

He had no choice now whether he would avoid her or not; and his happiness at seeing her held him stupid, watching her. Her eyes were very bright and with something more than friendly greeting; there was happiness in them too. His throat shut together as he recognized this, and his hand closed warmly over the small, trembling hand which she put out to him. All his conscious thought was lost for the moment in the mere realization of her presence; he stood, holding her hand, oblivious that there were people looking; she too seemed careless of that. Then she whitened again and withdrew her hand; she seemed slightly confused. He was confused as well; it was not like this that he had meant to greet her; he caught himself together.

Cup in hand, he stood beside her, trying to look and to feel as any ordinary acquaintance of hers would have looked.

## Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence  
WEEK DAYS—6:45, 7:45, 8:45 A. M., then each hour to 8:45 P. M.  
SUNDAYS—7:55 A. M., then each hour to 8:45 P. M.

### THE INDIAN DRUM

Continued from Page 2

ed it. A party of nearly a dozen men and girls with an older woman chaperoning them, lounged under the shade of an awning over the after deck. They greeted her gaily and looked curiously at Alan as she introduced him.

"Have you worked on any of our boats?" she asked him, after luncheon had been finished, and the anchor or the ship had been raised.

A queer expression came upon his face. "I've thought it best not to do that, Miss Sherrill," he replied.

She did not know why the next moment she should think of Henry.

The yacht was pushing swiftly, smoothly, with hardly a hum from its motors, north along the shore. He watched intently the rolling, wooded hills and the rugged little bays and inlets. His work and his investigations had not brought him to the neighborhood before, but she found that she did not have to name the places to him; he knew them from the charts.

"Grand Traverse light," he said to her as a white tower showed upon their left. Then, leaving the shore, they pushed out across the wide mouth of the larger bay toward Little Traverse. He grew more silent as they approached it.

"It is up there, isn't it," he asked, pointing, "that they hear the Drum?"

"Yes; how did you know the place?"

"I don't know it exactly; I want you to show me."

She pointed out to him the copse, dark, primeval, blue in its contrast with the lighter green of the trees about it and the glistening white of the shingle and of the more distant sand banks. He leaned forward, staring at it, until the changed course of the yacht, as it swung about toward the entrance to the bay, obscured it.

"Seeing the ships made me feel that I belonged here on the lakes," he remarked her. "I have felt something—not recognition exactly, but something that was like the beginning of recognition—many times this summer when I saw certain places. It's like one of those dreams, you know, in which you are conscious of having had the same dream before. I feel that I ought to know this place."

They landed only a few hundred yards from the cottage. After bidding good-bye to her friends, they went up to it together through the trees. There was a small sun room, rather shut off from the rest of the house, to which she led him. Leaving him there, she ran upstairs to get the things.

She halted an instant beside the door, with the boy in her hands, before she went back to him, thinking how to prepare him against the significance of these "relics of his father. His need not prepare him against the mere fact of his father's death; he had been beginning to believe that already; but these things must have far more meaning for him than merely that. She went in and put the box down upon the card table.

"The muffler in the box was your father's," she told him. "He had it on the day he disappeared. The other things," her voice choked a little, "are the things he must have had in his pockets. They've been lying in water and sand—"

He gazed at her. "I understand," he said after an instant. "You mean that they prove his death."

She assented gently, without speaking. As he approached the box, she drew back from it and slipped away into the next room. She walked up and down there, pressing her hands together. He must be looking at the things now, unrolling the muffler. . . . What would he be feeling as he saw them? Would he be glad, with that same gladness which had mingled with her own sorrow over Uncle Benny, that his father was gone—gone from his guilt and his fears and his disgrace? Or would he resent that death which thus left everything unexplained to him? He would be looking at the ring. That, at least, must bring more joy than grief to him. He would recognize that it must be his mother's wedding ring; it is told him that his mother must be dead, it would tell him that she had been married, or had believed that she was married!

Suddenly she heard him calling her. "Miss Sherrill!" his voice had a sharp thrill of excitement.

She hurried toward the sun room. She could see him through the doorway, leaning over the card table with the things spread out upon its top in front of him.

"Yes."

He straightened; he was very pale. "Would coins that my father had in his pocket all have been more than twenty years old?"

She ran and bent beside him over the coins. "Twenty years!" she repeated. She was making out the dates of the coins now herself; the markings were eroded, nearly gone in some instances, but in every case enough remained to make plain the date. "Eighteen-ninety—1894—1899," she made them out. Her voice hushed queerly. "What does it mean?" she whispered.

He turned over and re-examined the articles with hands suddenly steady. "There are two sets of things

here," he concluded. "The muffler and paper of directions—they belonged to my father. The other things—it isn't six months or less than six months that they've lain in sand and water to become worn like this; it's twenty years. My father can't have had these things; they were somewhere else, or some one else had them. He wrote his directions to that person—after June twelfth, he said, so it was before June twelfth he wrote it; but we can't tell how long before. It might have been in February, when he disappeared; it might have been any time after that. But if the directions were written so long ago, why weren't the things sent to you before this? Didn't the person have the things then? Did we have to wait to get them? Or—was it the instructions to send them that he didn't have? Or, if he had the instructions, was he waiting to receive word when they were to be sent? You thought these things proved my father was dead. I think they prove he is alive! Oh, we must think this out!"

He paced up and down the room; she sank into a chair, watching him. "The first thing that we must do," he said suddenly, "is to find out about the watch. What is the phone number of the telegraph office?"

She told him, and he went out to the telephone; she sprang up to follow him, but checked herself and merely waited until he came back.

"I've wired to Buffalo," he announced. "The Merchants' exchange, if it is still in existence, must have a record of the presentation of the watch."

"Then you'll stay here with us until an answer comes?"

"If we get a reply by tomorrow morning; I'll wait till then. If not, I'll ask you to forward it to me. I must see about the trains and get back to Frankfort. I can cross by boat from there to Manitowoc—that will be quickest. We must begin there, by trying to find out who sent the package."

She helped him put the muffler and the other articles into the box; she noticed that the wedding ring was no longer with them. He had taken that, then; it had meant to him all that she had known. It must mean . . .

In the morning she was up very early; but Alan, the servants told her, had risen before she had and had gone out. The morning, after the cool northern night, was still. She slipped a sweater on and went out on the veranda, looking about for him. An iridescent haze shrouded the hills and the bay; in it she heard a ship's bell strike twice; then another struck twice—then another—and another—and another.

The haze thinned as the sun grew warmer, showing the placid water of the bay on which the ships stood double. She saw Alan returning, and knowing from the direction from which he came that he must have been to the telegraph office, she ran to meet him. "Was there an answer?" she inquired eagerly.

He took a yellow telegraph sheet from his pocket and held it for her to read.

"Watch presented Captain Caleb Stafford, master of propeller freighter Marvin Hatch for rescue of crew and passengers of sinking steamer Winnebago of Long Point, Lake Erie."

She was breathing quickly in her excitement. "Caleb Stafford!" she exclaimed. "Why, that was Captain Stafford of Stafford and Rainisell! They owned the Miwaka!"

"Yes," Alan said.

A great change had come over him since last night; he was under emotion so strong that he seemed scarcely to dare speak lest it master him—a leaping, exultant impulse it was, which he fought to keep down.

"What is it, Alan?" she asked.

Recalling how her blood had run since last night; he told her that, Henry's whiteness and the following suffusion of his face did not surprise her.

"I told that fellow long ago not to start stirring these matters up about Ben Corvet, and particularly I told him that he was not to bring any of it to you. It's not—a thing that a man like Ben covered up for twenty years till it drove him crazy is sure not to be a thing for a girl to know. Let it alone, I tell you."

She stood flushed and perplexed, gazing at him. She never had seen him under stronger emotion.

"You misunderstood me once, Constance," he appealed. "You'll understand me now!"

She had been thinking about that injustice she had done him in her thought—about his chivalry to his partner and former benefactor, when Uncle Benny was still keeping his place among men. Was Henry now moved, in a way which she could not understand, by some other obligation to the man who long ago had aided him? Had Henry hazarded more than he had told her of the nature of the thing hidden which, if she could guess it, would justify what he said?

She had made Alan promise to write her, if he was not to return, regarding what he learned; and a letter came to her on the fourth day from him in Manitowoc. The post office employees had no recollection, he said, of the person who had mailed the package; it simply had been dropped by some one into the receptacle for mailing packages of that sort. Alan, however, was continuing his inquiries.

She wrote to him in reply; in lack of anything more important to tell him, she related some of her activities and inquired about his. After she had written him thus twice, he replied, describing his life on the boats pleasantly and humorously; then, though she immediately replied, she did not hear from him again.

A new idea had seized Constance. Captain Caleb Stafford was named among the lost, of course; with him had perished his son, a boy of three. That was all that was said, and all that was to be learned of him, the boy.

Alan had been three then. This was wild, crazy speculation. The ship was lost with all hands; only the Drum, believed in by the superstitions and the most ignorant, denied that. The Drum said that one soul had been saved. How could a child of three, the last one, have perished? And, if he had been saved, he was Stafford's son.

"I don't know yet; but I think I'll soon find out."

"No; you can tell me more now, Alan. Surely you can. I must know, I have the right to know. Yesterday, even before you found out about this, you knew things you weren't telling me—things about the people you'd been seeing. They'd all lost people on the lakes, you said; but you found out more than that."

"They'd all lost people on the Mi-

waka!" he said. "All who could tell me where the people were lost; a few were like Jo Pupo we saw yesterday, who knew only for years his father was lost; but the time always was the time that the Miwaka disappeared."

"Disappeared?" she repeated. Her veins were prickling cold. What did he know, what could any one know of the Miwaka, the ship of which nothing ever was heard except the beating of the Indian Drum? She tried to make him say more; but he looked away now down to the lake.

"The Chippewa must have come in early this morning," he said. "She's lying in the harbor; I saw her on my way to the telegraph office. If Mr. Spearman has come back with her, tell him I'm sorry I can't wait to see him."

"When are you going?"

"Now."

She offered to drive him to Petoskey, but he already had arranged for a man to take him to the train.

She went to her room after he was gone and spread out again on her bed the watch—now the watch of Captain Stafford of the Miwaka—with the knife and coins of more than twenty years ago which came with it. The meaning of them now was all changed; she felt that; but what the new meaning might be could not yet come to her. Something of it had come to Alan; that, undoubtedly, was what had so greatly stirred him; but she could not yet reassemble his ideas. Yet a few facts had become plain.

A maid came to say that Mr. Spearman had come up from his boat for breakfast with her and was downstairs. She went down to find Henry lounging in one of the great wicker chairs in the living room. He arose and came toward her quickly; but she halted before he could seize her.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Alan Conrad has been here, Henry."

"He has? How was that?"

She told him while he watched her intently. "He wired to Buffalo about the watch. He got a reply which he brought to me half an hour ago."

"Yes."

The watch belonged to Captain Stafford who was lost with the Miwaka, Henry."

He made no reply; but waited.

"You may not have known that it was his; I mean, you may not have known that it was he who rescued the people of the Winnebago, but you must have known that Uncle Benny didn't."

"Yes; I knew that, Constance," he answered evenly.

"Then why did you let me think the watch was his and that he must be dead?"

"That's all's the matter? You had thought he was dead. I believed it was better for you—for every one—to believe that."

She drew a little away from him, with hands clasped behind her back, gazing intently at him. "There was some writing found in Uncle Benny's house in Astor street—a list of names of relatives of people who had lost their lives upon the lake. Wassonau knew where those things were. Alan says they were given to him in your presence. Why didn't you tell me about that?"

He straightened as if with anger. "Why should I? Because he thought that I should? What did he tell you about those lists?"

"Nothing—except that his father had kept them very secretly; but he's found out they were names of people who had relatives on the Miwaka!"

"Yes," Alan said.

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Saturday, March 25, 1922

John Barleycorn is dead, but his ghost continues to claim his victims.

La Follette has made his long speech in the United States Senate, but he talked to empty seats. His colleagues know him as well as the rest of the country does.

What is Henry Ford going to do about that new car that has come on the market to compete with the Silver? Or is this to divert Henry's attention from Mussel Shoals?

Victory bonds are now well above par and the other government issues are only slightly below that mark. Those persons who sacrificed their bonds at 85 or less a year or two ago, claiming that they were no good, now have cause to regret it.

Ireland's troubles seem to be a long way from settlement. The republican army is said to be hostile to Griffith and Collins and in favor of de Valera and the radicals. In the meantime Ulster is in a ferment, and the border line between North and South Ireland promises much trouble.

While the Congressional election in Maine resulted in the election of the Republican candidate by a substantial majority, it was much smaller than that of two years ago, as was to be expected. Nevertheless, there is evidence of real dissatisfaction with the Administration, largely because of its neglect of New England.

It looks like a fight to the finish in the New England textile industry. Neither the strikers nor the manufacturers are disposed to yield an inch, nor to submit to arbitration, and both sides have settled down to a long fight. It is a poor way to settle a dispute, but there is no doubt but that the show-down would have to come some time.

Representative Herbert W. Smith is still working for that bridge across Bristol Ferry, and the idea is a good one. But with all due respect for the energy and ability of our distinguished representative from Newport we fear that many generations will have arisen before one can walk from Portsmouth to Bristol without wetting one's feet.

In December, 1921, farm products which in 1913 would buy a dollar's worth of other commodities, would buy only 55 cents worth. This was probably the lowest point of the farmer's dollar. With further decreases in general commodities and increases in farm products, the farmer is expected to have a better outlook during the coming year.

What is happening to New England in the re-arrangement of political alliances at Washington? Even the great power of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge seems inadequate to stem the tide that is setting in toward the West and South. If it is the so-called "Farm Bloc" that is working havoc with New England, then it is time for a definite understanding. New England is too important a section of the country to be side-tracked in national affairs.

Much hinges upon the decision of the board of aldermen in the matter of leasing Easton's Beach for a term of years. With three bids before them, all from reputable corporations or individuals, it will be no easy task for the board to decide this important question. But any contract that is made with any of the bidders should be iron-bound and it should be the duty of the city to see that its terms are lived up to throughout the life of the contract. And one of the most important features is to see that the Beach is kept clean.

Coal at over \$16 a ton in Newport is too high; nobody will deny that fact. Yet the miners are opposed to accepting a reduction in wages, the operators are opposed to any reduction in profits, the railroads are opposed to any reduction in freights, and the dealers are opposed to any reduction in the difference between their net cost and their selling price, whether we call this difference costs or profits. As a matter of fact, all these parties should share in a reduction that will benefit the consumer. The miners have had tremendous increases in wages; the operators are undoubtedly making big profits; the railroads are getting exorbitant rates, due to the high cost of both coal and labor; and the local dealers are charging higher prices in Newport than prevail in places further from the source of supply. A substitute for coal will have to be provided unless there is a substantial reduction in the price to the consumer, and by a substantial reduction we do not mean a reduction of 25 cents a ton or even a dollar a ton. Before the war we kicked at a price of \$8 a ton. Now we have learned the uselessness of kicking.

## STARTING CHILDREN WRONG

Many children get started on the downward path in ways that could be easily avoided if they had the right kind of attention. A teacher who has charge of a school for backward and troublesome children in another city, said that many of them got on the wrong track in this way.

They fall a little behind in their studies. They feel ashamed at their inability to keep up, and make a showing in comparison with other children. They want to do something to attract attention, and prove that they, too, have ability and can do things.

Their natural tendency, if they cannot excel in normal paths of study, is to try to attract notice by breaking rules. Thus they acquire a certain leadership among the rougher children, who look at them as bold and dashing spirits who are doing interesting things. Such children often have much fascination for others who know much more than they do.

This spirit accounts for a good deal of mischief performed by children. The boys and girls who can do things well find in their regular studies and sports the outlet for their ambition, and are happy. But the others may have to find their satisfaction in irregular and rebellious ways.

That spirit gets a child in the habit of breaking rules, and may instinctively result in serious infringement on the rights of others, and perhaps in downright law breaking or crime.

Many children can be diverted from these rough ways, simply by giving an outlet for their energy. One such boy was turned into a better state of mind by letting him play the bass drum in a school orchestra. It gave him the outlet he desired. Others acquire the same opportunity through athletics, or through hand work and manual training. Almost any such incipient case of waywardness can be checked if handled right and in time.

## THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE BUSINESS MAN

The old idea of a business career was that it was simply an occupation into which one entered in the hope of making money. Dollars and cents were the only thing considered. A man living in that materialistic atmosphere got a narrow and sordid point of view if he was naturally selfish. Many bad industrial conditions today are the result of the influence of people who have had these ideals in life.

The community wants the business men to have different purposes. They should recognize that they are engaged in the effort not merely to make money for themselves, but to provide industrial leadership for the community, to accomplish certain community ends.

The community wants leaders who shall organize and systematize efficiently all industrial operations. It wants these functions carried on at a reasonable cost and with the least waste possible. At the same time it wants other considerations than money-making kept in view.

It wants work done in a healthful way, so that the people who perform the tasks of industry can maintain good physical condition. It wants fair wages to be paid, so that those who are thrifty and industrious can live comfortably.

The community asks the business man to realize that good service to the community, and a fair solution of labor problems, are essential to a successful business career. The man who enters business with the sole idea of buying and selling to make money, has a limited conception that is contrary to the spirit of the times. He must think of himself as an agent of the community appointed to work for the general welfare, and his business policies are successful only as they promote good for all the people and really help to achieve it.

## BUSINESS BRIBES

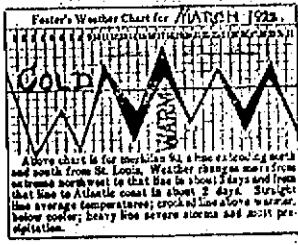
A warning against the growing practice of business bribery was issued in an address a few days ago by Huston Thompson, of the federal trade commission. He said that this practice had greatly increased since the war.

These methods have many different forms, and they could not be defined briefly. In general, business bribery is the method of the man or the firm that tries to get business by some form of rake-off or tip or valuable favor to the individuals who do the buying for commercial enterprises. It is a hard thing to fight against. The honest man, trying to play a straight game, finds his superior goods often turned down because some buyer has been persuaded by a valuable consideration to patronize some one else.

In the long run you can't beat out substantial merit. The concern that gets business by crooked ways will usually put out inferior stuff, and it won't be able to hold trade long on that basis.

## Waterproof Slave.

Turn up the edges of a piece of fine wire gauze to form a small sieve. Smoke the gauze on both sides in a candle flame. If water is poured in slowly it will not run through, as its weight is not sufficient to break the film on the lower side. For the same reason the sieve can be floated on water, even if loaded with a considerable weight.—TIT.



## WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Mar. 25, 1922.

The week centering on March 29 will average below normal temperatures on meridian 90° from Gulf of Mexico to the far north. The high temperature of that disturbance will be in northwestern Canada about Mar. 26, on and all along meridian 90° Mar. 27, and in eastern sections Mar. 30. A cool wave will be in northwestern Canada near Mar. 27, on meridian 90° Mar. 29, eastern sections March 31.

The cooler than usual weather of last half of March will extend to near middle of April and then temperatures will go above normal. Severe storms first week in April will cause bad and cold weather. Balance of the month does not give promise of severe storms and the better weather will give opportunity for better roads. Farmers are expected to deliver large quantities of grain to the markets last half of April. Many farmers are pressed for money and will be compelled to get rid of their grain during April and May while the roads are good.

My warnings about the dangerous storms of this month were surely well founded and my good percentages on that kind of forecasts are large. My success in forecasting the shortage of rain in the winter wheat section and the prediction that relief would come in March, suggests that my warnings that great and destructive droughts will occur between this and first of April, 1922, in fourteen countries may also be well founded. I know they are almost as sure as the Sun will continue to rise. Many are getting interested and all will be convinced within the next six months. Here is the opportunity for the critics: I have placed all my eggs in one basket and if I win the critics must shut up.

One of the most important weather events within 50 years, past or future, will occur near May 1. It will affect the world's crop production immensely and thereby will become an historical event. Why do I not give the details in advance? I am giving all the facts to some of those who have assisted me. Those who do not believe in Foster's forecasts will miss something and thereby learn a valuable lesson.

Not far from May 1 a shortage of rain will begin in the West Indies islands. This shortage will be greatest in the Windward Islands, decreasing toward Florida. Damages will depend on the kind of crops and their state of advancement when the shortage strikes them.

By No Means.  
When the bride promises to obey, she waives her rights; but it isn't a permanent waiver.—Lincoln Star.

Jazz Records  
and Song HitsA2850-\$1.00  
Fi Fo Fun—One Step  
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox TrotA2879-\$1.00  
Just Another Kiss—W.  
Ah There—Fox TrotA2883-\$1.00  
Mohammed—Fox Trot  
Afghanistan—Fox TrotA2895-\$1.00  
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot  
Venetian Moon—Fox TrotA2898-\$1.00  
Kid from Malicid—Al Jolson  
C-U-B-A—KaufmanWe ship Records all over  
the country.PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE  
EWPORT, R 1

Weekly Calendar MARCH 1922

## STANDARD TIME

Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Moon	High Water	Eye
22 Sat.	23 Sun.	24 Mon.	25 Tues.	26 Wed.	27 Thurs.	28 Fri.	29 Sat.	30 Sun.	31 Mon.

22 Sat.	23 Sun.	24 Mon.	25 Tues.	26 Wed.	27 Thurs.	28 Fri.	29 Sat.	30 Sun.	31 Mon.
3 11 6 04	4 12 6 04	5 13 6 05	6 14 6 05	7 15 6 05	8 16 6 05	9 17 6 05	10 18 6 05	11 19 6 05	12 20 6 05

22 Sat.	23 Sun.	24 Mon.	25 Tues.	26 Wed.	27 Thurs.	28 Fri.	29 Sat.	30 Sun.	31 Mon.
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3 21 6 05	4 22 6 05	5 23 6 05	6 24 6 05	7 25 6 05	8 26 6 05	9 27 6 05	10 28 6 05	11 29 6 05	12 30 6 05

C. A. RAWSON

Fills Senator Kenyon's  
Seat at the Capitol.

## LEADERS BACK RHINE ARMY BILL

Senator Borah Says Attitude of Europe Warrants Immediate Withdrawal of All Troops.

### ATTACK STAND OF ALLIES

Democratic Leader Regrets We Are Not Fully Represented on Reparations Board—Paris Hopes They Will Open Way for Settlement

Washington.—All the American troops now in Germany should be recalled and the United States Government should insist that its claim for more than \$240,000,000 representing the cost of the American troops on the Rhine be paid. Senators Underwood, Borah, and Lodge declared in the Senate. Messrs. Lodge and Underwood held that the Allies were apparently seeking to delay the payment of the obligation on a technicality, and Mr. Borah, supporting the position of the two leaders, added that the effort to delay was in his opinion unwarranted.

Senator Borah brought up the Army of Occupation bill by calling to the attention of the Senate the statement credited to M. Poincaré, the French Premier, that in his opinion the United States had no right to collect this debt from Germany. Mr. Borah said that he entertained no doubt that Secretary Hughes would know how to handle the question and that he would find a way to get the money.

"Our army," added Senator Borah, "was supposedly left in Europe in the interest of the nations associated with us in war. Certainly our troops were not kept on the Rhine for the benefit of the people of the United States. It looks now as if those troops are no longer needed in Germany, and the present attitude of the Allies appears to me entirely unwarranted, and we should bring all of our soldiers home at the earliest possible opportunity." Senator Underwood said:

"So far as I am concerned, I can see no reason why a single American soldier should remain on the Rhine. It was on the invitation of the Allies that our troops were sent to the Rhine, and it was as a result of that invitation that they were kept there. The claim of our government for the cost of their maintenance is in every way justified. In right, justice and fair play, the government of this country is entitled to stand on the same basis in this matter as are the other nations whose troops are in Germany. The position of the Allies in opposing payment on a technicality is something I very much regret."

Senator Underwood also said he regretted that this country was not represented on the Allied Reparations Commission, with which statement Senator Poincaré took issue, pointing out that, in his opinion, this country would become involved in European controversies if the views of Mr. Underwood in the winter were to prevail.

Mr. Lodge said that the sum owed by Germany for the American occupation was a matter independent of reparations. This claim, he held, was one that originated with the Armistice, and not with the Versailles Peace Treaty.

The presence of the American troops on the Rhine, with the cost of their upkeep, Senator Borah said, was one of the things regarding the economic recovery of Germany. He added that it was calculated to retard rather than pacify the situation in Europe, a situation, he held, that was fraught with grave possibilities for all the nations concerned.

"If we must wait until Germany pays all her other war debt before paying us for the maintenance of our troops," interrupted Senator Norris, "we will wait until men now young die of old age, and the country has forgotten that there were ever any troops on the Rhine. Every American soldier on the Rhine should be brought home at once, and I hope that our government will take immediate measures to bring them home."

"That is also my hope," said Senator Lodge.

"If our troops are brought home," said Senator Borah, "we could at least reduce our home army by the number so returned."

### LABOR URGES NEW JOBS

Recommends Reclamation Work to Relieve Unemployment.

Washington.—As a means of reducing unemployment, the American Federation of Labor soon will put before Congress and urge the enactment of bills appropriating funds for vast land reclamation projects and for development of the Mississippi River basin by control of flood water, increase of navigability and drainage of lands. No estimate of the expenditure involved was made in the report.

PARIS.—Hailing the abstemious Marshal Ferdinand Foch as a great propagandist for wine, former Minister Ricard formally opened the French national wine week that was celebrated in Paris.

PARIS.—Premier Poincaré has announced that France intends to pay all her debts in full.

FIUMLA.—A counter revolution by local military leaders has overthrown the Committee of National Defense, established after the Fascist revolt against President Zambelli.

LONDON.—Abandonment of the Geneva conference and the expulsion of Leonid Krassin, Soviet envoy here, as a result of exposures implicating Bolsheviks in the South African Insurrection, was demanded by Lord Northcliffe's Daily Mail in a recent issue of that publication.

After a bitter struggle, in which repeated efforts were made by opponents of the measure to have it shelved, the Rhode Island House of Representatives has passed the Lavender bill providing for a 48-hour working week for women and children under 16 years of age. The vote was 84 to 25.

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER  
National President of  
Girl Scouts of America.



## ISLAND OFFERED GREAT BRITAIN

Stefansson Expedition Established Possession of Wrangel Island in Name of Great Britain.

### ALL PREVIOUS CLAIMS LAPSED

Three Americans in Party Landed to Re-assert Possession for British, Explorer Denies Any Right of Russia.

Montreal.—The British flag has been raised by Vilhjalmur Stefansson on Wrangel Island, one of the most important islands in the Arctic region, because strategically it dominates Northeastern Siberia. The explorer now admits that when the little vanguard of his fifth and latest expedition, including citizens of the United States, landed on Wrangel Island on September 21 last, its mission was political as well as scientific.

Wrangel Island, which is about the size of Jamaica, lies 100 miles off the northeastern coast of Siberia and 400 miles west of Bering Strait, in latitude 71 degrees, north, and longitude 180 degrees. For the most part it is a typical grass-covered arctic prairie, noted for its interior granite cliffs, which reach a height of 2,000 feet, and also famed as the paradise of the polar bear.

Following its discovery by the British in 1810, Wrangel Island was occupied in turn by Americans and British, both of whom, according to Stefansson, permitted their claims to lapse after five years, when neither country provided for continuous occupation. The claims of both the British and Americans were shadowy when the ill-fated Karluk was wrecked off Wrangel Island in 1914. The right of the British to occupy the island was reasserted, however, when seventeen members of Stefansson's shipwrecked expedition landed and later ran up the British flag. Following the withdrawal of Stefansson's men, the British claims lapsed again in 1919, so toward the end of the five year period the explorer began the organization of his Wrangel Island expedition.

The little party that landed on Wrangel Island for the purpose of reasserting the right of British occupation was composed of four white men and six native Eskimos. The American members were E. L. Knight of McMinnville, Ore., Frederick Maurer of New Philadelphia, Ohio, and Milton Galle of New Braunfels, Texas.

Only the leader of the party, a Canadian, was apprised of the real nature of the expedition when it started, and he was Allan Crawford, a son of Professor Crawford of Toronto University. The Americans, Stefansson explains, became identified with the undertaking simply through love of adventure. But the Americans were let into the secret when the party landed.

Canadian Government Not in Secret. Canadian Government Not in Secret. The expedition, which was designed by Stefansson to render an important service to his country, was organized without assistance from the British government. Indeed, the exact nature of the expedition was not disclosed to the British government until Stefansson went to Ottawa to make a report in person to Prime Minister Mackenzie King.

Stefansson's expedition was hurried because he had found in his voyages that the Japanese were constantly working north, and he thought it would be only a matter of time until they appreciated the importance of the island.

Stefansson has tentatively planned to sail in the spring for England to report to the British prime minister on the results of his latest undertaking in the Far North. He says he has established no personal claims by occupation of the island.

The Wrangel Island expedition was organized and equipped by Stefansson in the face of many obstacles. The first problem he had to overcome was one of financing. Eventually Stefansson put into the enterprise his entire personal savings from his explorations, his writings and his lectures. Still the financial organization was inadequate. So the explorer sought the assistance of friends. To the generosity of the latter Stefansson attributes the success of the expedition.

Vincent Cosky, 38, of Worcester, Mass., was a victim of moonshine according to an autopsy performed by the medical examiner. Cosky died at the hospital as the physicians were preparing to operate for stomach ulcer.

The Harding administration is prepared to maintain its claim for reimbursement of the expense of American troops of occupation in Germany, regarding as essential the recognition of American rights in the matter.

Representative Fordney took issue with Secretary of the Treasury Mellon in a report submitted to the house on behalf of the Ways and Means Committee in support of the soldiers' bonus bill, asserting that the immediate cash outlay will be small and no additional taxes necessary.

SEMINOFF NOT WELCOME

Anti-Red Leader From Russia Isn't Particularly Wanted in America.

Washington.—General Semenoff, the anti-Bolshevik leader who was permitted to land at Vancouver, will be required to appear before immigration inspectors if he applies for admission to the United States because of a question as to whether he is admissible under the immigration laws officials said here.

There have been many protests lodged in Washington against him.

Courts of the state of Massachusetts have no right to assume jurisdiction under the Volstead act and they may not issue a warrant against an alleged prohibition violator and bind him over to the federal authorities according to a ruling made by Judge Carroll of the supreme court.

Much concern is being felt by fishermen over the coast guard cutters, which, it is reported, are stopping bona fide fishing vessels and compelling their crews to shift their cargoes of fish while search is made for hidden rom. Handling the fish decreases their market value, the skippers complain.

## The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

THAMES STREET

### DEPOSITS

January 1902	\$7,170,263.53
January 1912	8,544,868.35
January 1922	12,632,628.67

### DON'T NEGLECT LITTLE ECONOMIES

they soon count up and amount to considerable. Save systematically and deposit weekly with the Industrial Trust Company. Why delay another week what you can do now? Open an account today.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts.

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

### THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

AN ORDER  
PROMPTLY  
ATTENDED TO

ALL GOODS  
ARE FRESH  
ABSOLUTELY

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

## PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest  
From the Six States

The schooner Puritan, which will fish out of Gloucester and in the Fall will contend for the honor of challenging for the International fishing vessel championship trophy, was launched at Newell, Mass., last week.

Plans for supplying physicians for small towns in Maine which at present have none, have been formulated by the council, secretaries and permanent committee of the Maine Medical Association.

Mooshead Lake in Maine will not be open for six weeks yet, according to reports. There is a great deal of snow in the woods and from 20 to 24 inches of ice on the lake. Near the shore the lake is frozen to the bottom.

Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, is to hunt deer in Maine next fall. He has accepted an invitation to be the guest of Walter Ihinds of Portland at his camp at Oxbow, 45 miles northwest of Honiton, in Aroostook county.

A reduction of 10 percent in rates on farm products from all points in Maine to Southern destinations was put into effect March 18 by the Maine Central Railroad, the reduction having been approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

PERSIA REJECTS U. S. GOLD  
Not Willing to Accept \$858,000 Loan With Oil String Attached.

Allahabad.—A Teheran dispatch says that the Persian government is not willing to accept £200,000 received from Washington against future oil royalties, because instead of the sum being an unconditional and separate loan, as was supposed, it learns that the loan is connected with the concession of northern oil fields recently granted to the Standard Oil Company.

DE VALERA THREATENS WAR

If Treaty Wins at Polls There Will Be Civil Conflict.

London.—There will be civil war in Ireland if the treaty with England is accepted at the polls, declared Eamonn de Valera, republican leader, speaking at Waterford at one of half dozen election campaign meetings held in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. He warned that the soldiers of the republic will uphold the republic over the dead bodies of troops of the Free State provisional government.

## TROUBLED WITH RINGWORM YEARS

On Face, Itched Badly.  
Cuticura Healed.

"For several years I was troubled with ringworms on my face. They itched badly and at times were very red. The skin around them was inflamed. My face looked fierce. I tried different remedies but none of them helped me. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample which helped me. I bought more and in one month was completely healed, after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Miss Emma Gubisch, 324 Elm St., Meriden, Conn., Sept. 13, 1921.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Salve for all toilet purposes.

Sample Box Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M., 180 Madison St., New York. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## HOMER'S ILIAD

Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris

It is the charm of the stories of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* that has allure readers in all ages. As the *Iliad* is the first great romance of high adventure, of deeds of perfect chivalry and valiant fighting, of brave men and noble women, so the *Odyssey* is the first great novel of adventure in strange parts, of subterranean thwarts and brought to justice by the hero who in the end comes to his own and recovers the true wife who bled at home and waits the triumphant return of him who shall free her from the trials that break her.

The Greeks started the modern world going. As with Icarus they thought of the flying-man, with Agamemnon of wireless telegraphy in the message he sent leaping across the sea from Troy to Argos in the flames upon the hill-tops, and with Odysseus of the motion-picture in the vision of all past men and women who fitted before his eyes on his trip to the lower world, so, too, they introduced us to practically every form of human expression. The prose-romance came late in their development. The novel and the short story as they knew them for centuries were embodied in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Whether one poet wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* has been a question that has bashed many thousands of minds. The perfect form in which they have come down to us proves clearly that many centuries contributed to the perfecting of the literary style in which they are written. The discussions over the "Homeric Problem" have laid the basis for literary and biblical criticism in modern scholarship.

**T**HE elders of the Trojans from their seats upon the Scæan gate looked down upon the hosts of Greeks and Trojans, marshaled in the plain. For nine long years, the armies had contended. Why had Agamemnon brought the men of many cities to fight around the walls of Priam's Troy? What was it all about?

Homer sings of the wrath of Achilles, but the beginning of all the trouble goes back of that, to the tale of a pitiful shepherd on a night surprised as he watched his flocks upon Mount Ida. The goddesses Hera, Athena and Aphrodite make him choose one of the world-old wishes: the judgment of Paris is for a fair face and love. To fulfill her promise, Aphrodite leads him to King Menelaus' court in Sparta. Back to Troy Paris brings Queen Helen and great treasure. A hue and cry follow throughout Greece; Menelaus calls to his help the great overlord, his brother Agamemnon; Achilles the sacker of cities, wily Odysseus, venerable and genial Nestor, and all the chivalry of the land with men and ships to make war on Troy.

Others must pay for the wrongdoing of Paris—old King Priam of the Ashen Spear, his venerable queen, Hecuba, Hector and his noble wife Andromache, his little son Astyanax, Cassandra and all the rest whom the toll of war involves. Other stories of the many Greek epics, now lost, bring the tale of warring years up to the tenth, when the *Iliad* begins. Hector is the leader of the Trojans; Achilles is the great fighting force of the Greeks, though now he has withdrawn in anger to his tent because of a slight put upon his honor by King Agamemnon.

The hostile forces are advancing to the battle; a dramatic moment brings Agamemnon and Paris in sight of one another. The wrath of Hector blazes out against Paris for all the evil and shame his theft of women and wealth have brought. The gay and debonair Paris, however, can show splendid moments. "Hector, thy taunt is just. But throw not at me the lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite." The glorious gifts that the gods give are not to be flung away; no man could take them, by mere willingness. But if thou dost wish me to battle and fight, make all the rest of the Trojans and Achalians sit down, and put me in the midst with warlike Menelaus to fight for Helen and all her goods, to see who shall conquer and prove the better man; let the rest conclude a friendship of trusty oaths; may ye dwell in fertile Troyland, and the others go back to Argos, nurse of steeds, and Achala of fair women."

So it was that the hosts sat in high expectation in the plain, and Priam and the Trojan elders were gathered on the Scæan gate. And Priam, who bore no grudge against Helen for all the misery her fair face had brought to him and Troy—for he saw the hands of the gods in it all—called her to his side to tell him of the chiefs among whom she had once lived. Then those elders, who had long since seen their fighting days, paid the finest compliment a woman's beauty has ever received—how many thousand years ago?—as they saw Helen advancing. "No cause for anger that Trojans and well-greaved Achalians for such a woman long time should suffer sorrow." Not another word!

But those old men upon the wall have drawn for you and me a small prayer book—Ornitho Bee.

been surpassed for true tenderness, though it was so many hundred years ago. He smiled and looked upon the little boy in silence. "Ah, Hector," he cried, "stay here upon the wall! Thou art to me father and mother and brother, too, as well as lord. The foe will attack thee alone!" "I know the day shall come," he answered, "when holy Ilion shall perish, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the goodly Ashen Spear. But thought of Alia, of my mother, of my brothers, does not trouble me so much as that some warrior of the Achalians shall rob thee of the day of freedom." He stretched out his hand to the little boy, who shrank back to his nurse's breast in fear of the bronze and the horse-hair crest that nodded dreadfully from the top of the helmet. Straightway Hector took off the helmet and placed it on the ground. And when he had kissed his son and tossed him in his arms, he spoke in prayer to Zeus and the rest of the gods: "Grant, ye gods, that this son of mine prove foremost among the Trojans, a good and mighty king. And as he comes back from battle may many a man say of him, 'A far better man than his father,' and may his mother rejoice in heart!" And then he handed him back to his mother, who received him smiling through her tears, and so departed to the battle with words of high cheer.

There follow many scenes of varied action—the *Iliad* is one of the great collections of short stories in the world's literature, in which is given a perfect picture of the life of that heroic society of so long ago. The plain people play little part, although their champion, Thersites, is the first democrat mentioned in literature. Mighty deeds of derring-do, high adventure, love of lords and ladies, the pranks of merry children—all are preserved, as it were, in amber, and the sentiment for the most part is so modern that it is almost impossible to believe that we are reading of people who lived many, hundreds of years before Christ was born.

But over all impends one dreadful fate. It is a Greek tale—yet Hector, prince and leader of the foe, is the hero of the story. Of course he is not quite so strong, not quite so great a fighter as Achilles, the Greek champion, and all know that in the end Achilles will win. The great scenes are worked up to with consummate artistry. Achilles is still sulking in his tent; Hector is pressing the Greeks hard; Patroclus, Achilles' dearest friend, begs his chief to let him don his lord's armor and save his people; he has his way and Hector slays him. Achilles' anger blazes forth in all its passion. What now a petty slight? The great scene of the battle between the two inspires the poet to all his noblest power. They fight; Achilles pursues Hector thrice around the walls of Troy; Zeus weighs in golden scales the fates of the two; Hector is doomed to die; inexorable destiny may not be stayed. Achilles slays Hector, and every heart but that of the victor is wrung with the pity of it all. And in the end, even Achilles' heart is moved. For old King Priam can neither sleep nor eat while his son's body lies dead in the camp of the foe. Against the will of all that was dearest to him he gathered great store of ransom and made his way by night under the kindly guidance of the gods to Achilles' tent and sought for the body of his dear son. It is a scene of love and pity, of chivalry and greatness of heart that all the years since then have never been surpassed. "Be not angry with me, Patroclus," prayed Achilles, "if thou shall learn in Hades' house that I have given back noble Hector to his dear father." And Patroclus, one may be sure, shared the pity of all brave men and all true women ever since.

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## Monarch Endured Long.

The most curious contract ever entered into by an operatic star was surely that of Farinelli, who, about the year 1734, was deriving an income of £5,000 per annum. The singer afterwards visited Spain, where the king, Philip V, was suffering from mental depression, from which nothing aroused him until the advent of Farinelli. The queen was so delighted to see her royal spouse once more interested in anything, that she engaged Farinelli at a salary of £2,000 to remain in Madrid. This he did, singing the same four songs to the king every night for ten years. Eventually Philip succumbed, but he must have been a patient monarch.

## Greatest Inspiration.

Nothing can be inspiring to a human being as the idea that he is of value, that his help is really wanted. Nothing can so enforce the doctrine of responsibility as the realization that it rests with us to choose whether we shall mend or mar, shall beautify or deface, some portion of the work—Oliver Lodge.

## The Stomach of an Ostrich.

An ostrich dissected in London had in its stomach a small prayer book—Ornitho Bee.

## His Last Appearance.

One night while I was washing dishes my best friend called on me. He came into the kitchen where I was working, and in my excitement I set a pan of hot water on a chair. I turned around to do something, and my friend sat down on the pan of water! He was wearing a new suit. I never saw him again.—Chicago Journal.

## Must Respect Authority.

While we emphasize liberty, while we believe with all our hearts that liberty to us is a great and essential thing, we must also believe that authority is a mighty and necessary thing, and must be respected if we enjoy liberty.—Grit.

## A New Leaf for Melita

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"I am," said Melita with quiet decision, "going to get married."

The girl on the couch opposite gave a gurgle of astonishment.

"Melita! You! When?"

"I don't think it's the most tactful thing in the world to be so surprised," Melita said slowly, "because—"

"Oh, I didn't mean it! That is, I never expected you—Why, you're such a good business woman and you never look at a man and—"

"You mean a man never looks at me?" Melita Post said a bit wistfully.

"Oh, my dear, you're a sweet thing and all that, but you're not exactly a man's girl, and—"

The color flamed into Melita's cheeks and it looked for a moment as though she were going to cry.

"I'm going to be, though. You'll see!"

"When do you begin?"

"I shall begin on New Year's—to-morrow night at your dinner."

Nellie Griffith shook out her fluffy skirt, ran her hands through her bobbed, high hair, and snatching up her hat, jingled it on nonchalantly as she turned to the door.

"Wish you luck," was all she vowed, safely.

When she was alone Melita stood up with that same air of resolute decision and began to pull the pins out of her hair. Thick, straight hair, that was brushed smoothly back from her forehead and twisted into a single coil behind, fell to her waist. With some illusory fierceness she pulled off her tailored skirt, her severe blouse, and stood in her little fringed petticoat,

She heard her footsteps ring down the uncarpeted stairs, she could almost fancy they betrayed her flight, but when she pushed aside the portières in her aunt's stiff sitting room she was never to desperation.

"How do you do, Miss Post. I brought you—" then in the mail with the broad shoulders and the grim face stopped suddenly and stared at her as though he had made a mistake.

Melita tilted her head back and lifted her eyebrows.

"Oh, yes, that—that work. I never think of work after it's all over," she said in a voice that shook in spite of her.

The grim young man in the chair by the window made no move, however, to go.

Melita, leaning forward, so that the earings dangled audaciously, lifted the cigarette box from the table at her side. She passed it to him silently and chose one herself, lighting it with fingers that were none too steady, and took a slight puff that almost strangled her.

"I won't keep you if you're going out."

"Just to dinner," Melita said airily with a sideways glance at the door. She almost fancied she had heard her aunt's step in the hall. She was quite aware that the man opposite was studying her from the flash of her sparkling comb to her really exquisite ankles.

"Miss Post," he said abruptly, "I'm going to say something for which you'll never thank me, but I've got to say it. You've been working for me now for almost a year. I admired everything about you—your dignity and your quiet charm and your difference from other women. It always rested me to come to the office to see you, and yet you were always so aloof. I—I—you'll think me an awful babbler, but I wish I could think of one girl as being simple and sweet and old-fashioned. You're too lovely to descend to this sort of thing—" Melita Post said a bit wistfully.

"You mean?"

"I mean that I admired you more than any woman I knew. That I was going to try—" He lifted his hat and gloves from the chair beside him.

Melita saw him stand up. Her heart began to pound in a terrifying way, she tried to speak but her voice sounded hoarse.

"Tomorrow is New Year's," he said slowly, "lots of people begin all over."

"I almost believe," whispered Melita, "that it would be nice to begin all over, just to be simple and—"

A now light flushed into the steady gray eyes.

He held out his hand. "Would you?" he asked tentatively, "have dinner with me at my mother's? It's out in the country; very different from all this sort of thing."

"I might," said Melita with the trace of hesitation.

She heard his words, then his plans for the morrow while she smiled faintly, wondering if any of it could be true.

But when the door had closed after him she sank down weakly on the couch and laid cold hands on her burning cheeks.

"And yet I'm sure he wouldn't ever have asked me if he hadn't thought I was really a vamp!" She snatched off her earings, rubbed the back of her hand across her mouth and told the star-eyed girl in the gilt mirror, "I'm going to keep my resolution, I think!"

## Why, Certainly.

Have you ever noticed how certain of your acquaintances become identified in your mind with expressions which they habitually use?

All of us have our "I'll Say So" friends, our "Listen" friends, and other friends who use expressions that have become so trite from much repetition that we almost shrink from them as a vulgarity.

A housewife tells us the story of her butcher who always replies "Why, certainly," to every inquiry of hers as to the quality of what she is buying. The other day when she asked him if he could give her a real nice cut of porterhouse and his reply was "Why, certainly," she snapped out: "We've been living off of 'why certainly' from your store for three months—please send us some real meat this time."

When she had slipped into the sleeveless frock and felt the earings swing against her cheek as she moved, she looked at herself. The old Melita still gazed at her from the pitiless mirror until she lifted the lip pencil and made her lips into a soft red bow that mocked from her white face. Just a tiny shadow under the eyes and she would be through.

She stood watching herself with her heart palpitating, dropped her eyelashes, lifted them as she had seen Nellie do with greatest effect, smiled back over her shoulder, and blew a kiss with airy affection from the palm of her hand.

"Disgusting!" she said, suddenly, slinging herself down in a chair. "I won't go through all those tricks and—"

She stopped. Wasn't it worth going through all those studied wiles for the sake of a home of her own?

Melita visualized the very house, tiny and white, with brilliant green shutters, and polished bell-pull. She walked through the fresh rooms of her dream house, sweet with flowers in blue bowls, watched the curtains blowing in the breeze, straightened the white and gold plates in the dining room on the table set for two, and came back to really with a painful jerk.

"Miss Melita! Genneman to see you!" a voice called outside her door.

"I'm having like horrors," she replied. "Arthur Bridges had said he would leave that brief of his with her to be copied: Arthur Bridges, the man who dictated letters to her every day and fed her work as though she were a well-oiled machine."

"I've got to have some practice," she quavered, and stood up suddenly, icy fingers tip and fluttering of pulse.

## They Insure Anything.

According to an English visitor in town, on his island there is a versatile insurance company which will insure the fond mistress for three years against loss of her pet poodle, against failure of her garden to bear the proper amount of fruit—or at least the average crop—against theft by boys, and best of all, will insure the girl against spinsterhood. If she does not marry she is assured of a small income for life, if she pays promptly on her policy for ten years.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## BEAUTY IN DESERT

Traveler Denies That Sand Wastes Are Unlovely.

Have a Charm and Variety that the Lover of Nature Must Admit, He Says.

They say—and I have always wondered why they say it—that the desert, the great American desert, is not lovely. But I who have traveled that desert, which for me covers much of the West and Southwest, as it did for the conqueror, Coronado, know otherwise. I could take you to the desert beautiful, no matter whether it be hard by the Little Colorado or where the traditions of Montezuma cling around the Cañon Grande to the south of the Gila river, and always I could show you a garden of flowers and bushes, carpeted and carpeted in color. Then surely do not call the American desert an unlovely waste.

The desert has variety, too. View it, for instance, from a mesa of the Yavapai desert. You are looking down upon a colorful sea bed of sand and rock, low glowing in the softest of harmonies. The distant mountains frame a picture painted from nature's palette. The valley plain sweeps forward in long undulations with no trace of that human activity which would be impertinence in these color solitudes. The rosy atmosphere rolls everything smoothly into one. But think not to discover fine nuances and gradations in such an elemental landscape. The earth is cut out in immense blocks of color and takes shape in great waves of hills and hummocks and mesas and buttes.

No grass covers its nakedness, only this radiant cloth spun by the atmosphere in league with distance. Here on the ground lies the Rockies of a former age, in infinitesimal color specimens. For one part you may pick up a handful and know for a certainty that you are holding a specimen of a Grand canyon that was placed there by nature perhaps a million years before. Melita saw him stand up. Her heart began to pound in a terrifying way, she tried to speak but her voice sounded hoarse.

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# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

WALK

ALL PERSONS desirous of having warden introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

## WHY

### Crowded Living Conditions

#### Call for Restraint

Contingency of residence in the city flat curbs one's natural liberties. This we must concede for the sake of mutual comfort. The more people there are in the world and the closer together they live, the more must liberty be subdivided into smaller bits.

The human capacity to annoy is tremendous. It may be human nature, but inexorable necessity compels its curbing. That a noted New York composer of music was compelled to carry on his work in his bathroom in order to escape the clatter of three pianos, three banjos and a talking machine in an adjoining apartment exemplifies the disadvantages of the collective dwelling where the rules are lax or lenient.

One of the highest achievements in the development of character is to reach a point where one is noiseless. It is the apex of culture, a plane little lower than the angels. Not to be loud in voice, in action or in clothing, not to obtrude, that is the glorious ultimate.

It is a reform, it begins, perhaps, with care in not slamming doors. The slamming door is a bad sign, even though it be those on the corridor of a hotel where one has no social ties and where so many emphasize that fact on leaving their room at an early hour by the semblance of an explosion wakening everyone within one hundred feet. —F. H. Collier in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## GET PAPERS TO LONELY MEN

How the Crew of the Cross Rip Lightship in Nantucket Sound Receives its Mail.

One of the most unusual newspaper deliveries on the Atlantic coast is that by which members of the crew of the Cross Rip lightship in Nantucket sound receive their daily papers. Although the lightship is almost in the center of the sound, a rough piece of water in stormy weather, the men receive their papers nearly every day, says an exchange.

The "deep sea" delivery is made by one of the island steamers, usually the Sanktum, which summer visitors to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket know well. These vessels pass close to the Cross Rip lightship on their way across the sound, bound from Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, to Nantucket.

The daily papers are delivered on the outward bound trip, which begins at New Bedford. When the island steamer is almost half way across the sound and nearly abreast of the lightship, members of the crew roll up small bundles of papers, tying them securely with twine and line themselves along the rail. The helmsman of the steamer brings his vessel as close as possible to the lightship, sometimes within 15 feet, and the newspaper deliverer lets go their volley.

It is a poor day when half a dozen rolls of paper do not land aboard for the men, so far from land and otherwise noiseless. Sometimes the bundles drop alongside and are fished up with long-handled nets.

**How Airplanes Aid Exploration.**  
Several hitherto unknown lakes and river valleys have been discovered in Jasper park, Canadian Rockies, through the use of government airplanes, says the *Montreal Star*. This work was undertaken by the High River air station, Alberta, and three experimental flights were carried out over the region for the purpose of exploration and reconnaissance. The Canadian air board report states: "A flight was made on each of three successive days with gratifying success, and the possibilities of the use of air craft for exploration in mountain regions, and to the administration and the general maintenance of the park system was proved without a doubt."

**Why Egyptians Are Hopeful.**  
Egypt is looking for better times on the strength of a tradition that prosperity always comes after seven lean years. She has just gone through the proverbial seven years and a return of prosperity is anticipated in a flood of tourists. In these seven years, however, great changes have taken place in the matter of the water supplies of some of the larger cities and also in the matter of transportation. Travelers will find it much more comfortable to get about than heretofore. The motor car has been extensively introduced and the main roads have been improved for them.

**Brilliant Sign Has Few Lights.**  
An electric sign recently tried out with success replaces the individual lamps in the rim of the letter with small mirror reflectors, according to *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. These reflect the light supplied by two 25-watt lamps, placed near the center of the letter and fitted with opaque caps, so as to be invisible from the front. An arrangement of this kind will effect a considerable saving in lamp renewals and current consumption.

## BETTER GARDENS ON FARM IS IMPORTANT

### Vegetable Supply In Many Instances Is Neglected.

On Account of Scarcity of Labor Women Have Been Compelled to Spade, Plant and Cultivate Crops for Home Tables.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

City or backyard gardeners have rather outdone the farmers in the past two or three years in the matter of raising good home gardens. It is true that these city gardens have been small and individually have not produced any great quantity of food, but collectively they have been of enormous importance in supplying vegetables for the families. Farmers, due to scarcity of labor, have in many instances neglected their gardens and there is need for a great awakening.



Who Wouldn't Smile With a Garden Like This Within 50 Feet of the Kitchen Door?

of interest on the part of people who live in the country in the matter of an adequate supply of fresh vegetables for their tables.

The old argument put forward by most farmers that it does not pay to putter with a garden is poorly founded.

As a matter of fact, farmers who claim

that they can grow an extra acre of

corn or wheat and use the proceeds

to buy their vegetables rarely have

vegetables other than potatoes on their

tables and subsist mainly on a bread

and meat diet. Good home-cured

pork makes fine eating, but it is much

better if balanced by carrots, beets,

tomatoes, cabbage and other good gar-

den products.

In many instances the women folks have, with difficulties, spaded, planted, and tended the garden. This has been an injustice and should not be expected of them. The ideal plan is to

set apart a plot of ground for a gar-

den, so arranged that it can be culti-

vated almost entirely with a horse,

then devote a little time each week

to taking care of it. If the women

folks must do the work of caring for

the garden, then let the men folks

fertilize, plow and thoroughly pre-

pare the land for planting and do

the rougher and more laborious cul-

tivation. There is no similar plot

of ground on the average farm in the

opinion of the United States Depart-

ment of Agriculture, that will yield

as great returns as a good garden.

In fact, 10 acres of wheat will not

return as much as a half-acre garden.

## TEST OF SUNFLOWER SILAGE

Gave as Good Results as Corn In Washington—Crop Does Well In Dry Territory.

Sunflower silage fed to a flock of breeding ewes for sixty days before lambing, in feeding tests in Wash- ington, gave as good results as corn silage, as far as condition and weight of ewes were concerned. Two lots of five lambs each were fed barley, corn beans and pea straw; one lot received sunflower silage and the other corn silage. The corn-silage bunch needed 442 pounds of grain, 157 pounds of pea straw and 528 pounds of corn silage to make 100 pounds of grain. The sunflower-silage bunch needed 660 pounds of grain, 310 pounds of pea straw and 811 pounds of sunflower silage for the same amount of gain. Extra grain needed by the sunflower-silage bunch was due to lack of grain in the sunflower silage, evidently. Quite a few feeders say sunflower silage is all right for sheep and cattle. One point in favor of sunflowers is their heavy yield. The crop grows well in dry sections, and in high altitudes.

## PLANTING SEED IN GARDENS

Always Advisable to Use Excess Supply So That Damage to Plants Is Minimized.

It is always advisable to plant an excess of seed so that the damage to each plant is minimized. The young plants, when they first come up, can be readily protected from beetles by covering with an improvised cover of wire cloth or of thin cheesecloth. This measure is particularly practical in small garden patches.

## Scorched Garments.

When a garment is scorched while ironing, wet a cloth in hydrogen peroxide and place over the scorched place. Run a hot iron over it and the scorch will disappear instantly. This is good on white garments only, as it will take the color out of anything colored.

## LET TURNIPS FOLLOW SOME EARLIER CROP

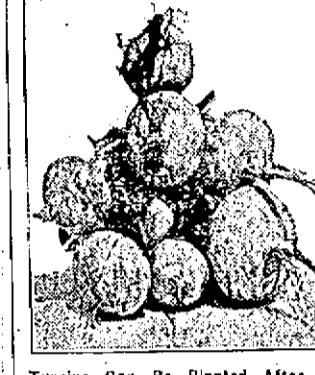
### Good Stand Depends on Weather and Soil Conditions.

Customary Method Is to Sow the Seed Broadcast and Trust to Luck for Good Yield—Store in Pits or a Cool Cellar.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Throughout the greater part of the North, the old settlers say, "Plant turnips the 25th of July whether wet or dry." While this is not absolutely true, it is customary to plant turnips the latter part of July on land from which an early crop of potatoes, beets, or some other early vegetable has been removed. The securing of a good stand of turnips depends, first, upon buying the soil in excellent condition and, second, on weather conditions at the time of sowing the seed. Either extremely wet or prolonged dry weather will greatly interfere with getting a good stand of turnips.

The usual custom is to harrow the ground to a smooth, even surface, then sow the seed broadcast, trusting to



Turnips Can Be Planted After an Early Crop of Potatoes, Beets or Some Other Vegetable.

natural agencies to slightly cover it. If a light shower falls shortly after the seed is sown, this will not only cover the seed but give the plants a good start. Sometimes turnips are planted in rows with a seed drill and cultivated. This method is desirable, especially where the crop is grown in a small way, but the customary method is to sow the seed broadcast and trust to luck to bring a good crop.

Turnips may remain in the ground almost until it is cold enough to freeze the soil about them. If left too long, however, they become pithy. The usual method of saving turnips is to first pull them and throw them in piles, then with a sharp knife cut off the tops about one-fourth inch above the turnip. The turnips can then be stored in pits, being covered first with straw, then with earth, or placed in a cool cellar, the same as for Irish potatoes. Turnips in the pits will not be injured by moderate freezing, provided they are not disturbed while frozen. It is best, however, to place enough straw and soil over them to prevent them from freezing in any event.

## IN TAKING FARM INVENTORY

Miscellaneous Collection of All Kinds of Supplies Should be Listed Together.

On every farm at inventory time there will be found a miscellaneous collection of all kinds of supplies, such as purchased feeds, seed, fertilizer, twine, nails and lumber. These, together with the amount of manure on hand, are all listed under the heading "Supplies," according to inventory methods worked out by the United States Department of Agriculture. Nails, bolts, screws and the like can well be listed as one item, regardless of varying sizes and kinds, giving the approximate number of pounds. Where a definite system of carrying such shop supplies is in use, as is the case on some of the well-organized, large farms, the quantities of the different items of this nature are easily counted or weighed and appraised accurately.

This kind of property, like machinery and tools, has been bought by the farmer and should therefore be appraised at cost, plus any expense incurred in getting it to the farm. For example, if a ton of bran is bought for \$44, \$1.25 spent for freight on it, and 75 cents' worth of man and horse labor needed to haul it from the station to the farm, the appraisal should be made at the rate of \$46 a ton.

## IMPORTANT ORCHARD SPRAYS

Insecticides Are Made Use of for Killing Insects and Fungicides for Diseases.

Sprays for orchards are divided into two classes—Insecticides and fungicides. Fungicide is the name denoting a spray used for diseases caused by fungi. Insecticides are divided into three classes, sprays being made to kill insects of different characteristics. Stomach poisons are for killing chewing insects, repellent sprays are to prevent insects from laying eggs, which hatch out detrimental larvae, contact sprays kill those insects that get their food by sucking. Bordeaux mixture and lime sulphur solution are the most important fungicide sprays. The most important insecticide sprays are arsenates of lead, paris green, tobacco, kerosene emulsion and soap.

## Helpful Hints.

Put salt or soda on insect stings. Vinegar will remove stains from zinc. Moussettes are made of heavy cream. Fine sandpaper is a neat eraser for ink. Oxide of zinc will clean white leather. Piano keys can be cleaned with alcohol. Crochet cotton is best for darning stockings.

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## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury of March 2, 1822

A meteor passed over this town on Saturday evening and is described as follows by those who saw it: It was nearly the size of a barrel. Sparks were emitted from it in every direction and it left behind a trail of light of great length. It was thought by some that they heard a hissing noise as it passed over them. About two minutes after its disappearance two distinct explosions were heard.

Died in this town on Sunday evening last, Mr. Jacob Lopez, aged 70 years. Mr. Lopez was a native of Portugal, but for more than 60 years has resided in this town, and was with a surviving brother, the only remains of the once numerous congregation of Hebrews. He was one of whom it might be said, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile."

Died in Portsmouth on Thursday last Miss Abby Anthony, daughter of Burlington Anthony, Esq., aged 28 years. Amiable in disposition and exemplary in conduct, she was deservedly esteemed as the dutiful and affectionate child, kind sister, sincere friend.

In the House of Representatives on the 19th inst., Mr. Randolph concluded his speech on the Bankrupt Bill, at the close of which he took most affectionate leave of the House. He said that he should part in peace with every member, and that he should not be seen there again.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury of March 23, 1872

They are a gritty community, those first warders, and expense is of no account, when the important matter of representation is to be decided. Four times within five weeks they have balloted for alderman to serve until next June, but the hundred and twenty-five voters scattered their favors each time so as to prevent any one from being elected. The last vote on Tuesday gave John C. Stoddard 68, George B. Hazard 27, Enoch G. Young 25 and James L. Weaver 14. So they will try again on Friday of next week.

Lieutenant William T. Swinburne has been ordered to the Lancaster at Rio Janeiro; Lt. Commander George Dewey, at Torpedo Station, has been ordered to Washington for examination and promotion; Capt. William Ennis, U. S. A., is in this city at present.

The Democrats of this State met in Providence Wednesday and nominated Olney Arnold of North Providence for governor, Capt. George N. Bliss of East Providence for attorney general, William P. Congdon of this city for general treasurer. Nathan H. Gould of Newport was made the Newport County delegate to the Democratic National Convention.

Mrs. Francis B. Fogg, well known throughout the South as a literary lady, and the wife of Hon. Francis Brinley Fogg, and a granddaughter of Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died suddenly of heart disease, in Nashville, Tennessee, on Friday, Francis Brinley Fogg, it will be remembered, was a member of old St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., and when the new St. Paul's was started in 1876, he was still living and signed the petition for the re-issue of the old charter to the new St. Paul's.

To say that the Calico Social on Thursday evening was a success would only convey the stereotyped saying. And we are going further, for we believe it eclipsed all previous socials held this winter. The dancing was kept up till 4 o'clock.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that birds are not animals.

Married, in Tiverton, on the 7th inst., Mr. Nathaniel B. Church to Miss Mary Humphrey, both of Tiverton.

Capt. John Faunce, who was appointed by the government to ascertain the best positions for placing life saving stations, has recommended that one is required on the south end of Block Island. Had there been a station there when Capt. Young and his companions attempted to reach the shore last week, Charles Huddy's life would have been saved.

The committee appointed to ascertain all facts in regard to supplying the city with water have visited all possible places and will report their findings with the probable expense, to the next meeting of the City Council.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, March 27, 1897

The Republican City Committee met Tuesday evening and elected Hon. Charles H. Burdick temporary chairman and Arthur L. Gilman secretary. Messrs. Joseph B. Pike, Wm. A. Peckham, W. P. Shefford, Jr., Robert Gash, and F. E. Taylor were appointed a committee to select a permanent chair-man and report at the next meeting.

Hon. T. Mumford Seabury left Thursday night for New York, whence he will start on his trip to the Holy Land.

A meeting was held in Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Afro-American League of his city, to express sympathy with Cuba. Rev. H. N. Jeter presided. Addresses were made by His Honor, Mayor Boyle and Rev. Elijah Richardson. Mrs. Jeter sang as a solo a poem written by her in memory of the Cuban general Maceo.

The young people of Channing Memorial Church gave a very pleasant entertainment in the church parlors Thursday evening, the proceeds of which will go to the building of a fence around the statue of Channing on Touro Park.

Letter Carrier William W. Child is confined to his home by a serious injury. Last Saturday while delivering the mail he kicked at a rat which crossed his track. In so doing he slipped and fell on one knee, splitting

the knee-pan. The accident is one which will debar Mr. Child from the use of the injured member for some months.

At the annual meeting of the Congregation Jesu-Israel, E. Schreiber was elected president, J. Davidson vice president, Rev. D. Baruch secretary, Louis Hess treasurer, J. Engel, Louis Hess and Henry Hess, trustees.

Our youthful contemporary, the Newport Herald, celebrated the fifth anniversary of its birth on Tuesday last. It was the recipient of many congratulations on its success. The Mercury with its age of one hundred and thirty-nine years wishes the Herald many happy returns of its anniversary.

There is one town in this State where lively politics is being carried on, and that is East Greenwich. They always have a fight there, but this year the malcontents, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Populists, soreheads, etc., have combined to gout Speaker Allen. They may succeed, but they will have to get up early and stay late to do it. The genial Speaker is not often caught napping.

## MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent).

The monthly meeting of the Oliphant Parent-Teachers' Association was held recently at the Oliphant School, with the President, Mrs. Geo. W. Thurston, in charge of the meeting. It was voted to purchase another box of chocolates which will be sold by the pupils, who have also sold extracts. An oil stove has been purchased but has not yet been received by the School. Plans for a Parents' night were discussed. It was decided to have a speaker for this event.

A number of persons from this town and Portsmouth attended the Pomona Grange which was held on Tuesday in Tiverton.

Mr. John R. Coggeshall entertained the Oliphant Reading Club at her home on Union street on Friday afternoon, in place of Mrs. Philip S. Wilbur.

Mr. Clinton Copeland, who has been spending a few days here with his family, has returned to Springfield.

Mr. J. Harold Peckham, who is employed by the Lane Construction Company of New York, is visiting his mother, Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham.

Mr. Foster Peabody, who has been seriously ill at his home on Third Beach Road, is improving.

Sallie Swan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Swan, is ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Annie H. Carter of Portsmouth has been caring for Mrs. Henry DeBlos, who has been ill with the grippe.

A surprise birthday party was given Mr. Gilbert A. Elliott by Mrs. Elliott at the Holy Cross Guild House.

Rev. A. Stanley Muirhead conducted the Lenten services at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday evening. On Friday evening the Epworth League held a social evening and reports of the budget week were read. The evening was in charge of Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham and Mrs. William L. Brown.

Mr. William Hart recently lost a number of valuable hens. This is the fourth time he has lost poultry this winter by dogs entering his flocks and killing them.

A double interment was held on Tuesday at the Middletown cemetery, when the bodies of Arthur Lionel Barker, who died in January, and his brother, Francis Charles Madden of Providence, who died last week, were held in the Barker lot.

Mrs. Harry E. Peckham entertained the Paradise Reading Club at her home on Wednesday afternoon. The program, which was devoted to short stories, was in charge of Mrs. John Nicholson.

Mrs. William Feeney is ill at her home on East Main Road.

Mr. Philip S. Wilbur, who is employed at the William S. Leys Dry Goods Store of Newport, is enjoying his annual vacation.

The regular meeting of the Aquidneck Grange was held at the town hall on Thursday evening.

The Lenten services were conducted at the Berkeley Parish House on Tuesday evening by the Rector, Rev. James H. S. Fair. St. Columba's Guild met there on Friday afternoon.

Mr. William J. Carr of Newport is having an artesian well drilled on his land which he purchased some time ago at the top of Town House Hill. Mr. Carr has had a garage built there and eventually will have a home there.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Phillips of Boston have been spending a few days at Maryland Farm, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Draper.

Mrs. Karl Anthony entertained the members of the G. T. Club at her home on Monday evening.

The committee for the annual egg supper of the Methodist Episcopal Church were appointed at a special meeting of the Epworth League recently. Mrs. John Nicholson was appointed as chairman of the supper committee and the date of the supper, which will be given in the church dining hall, is April 6.

Mr. Thomas S. Lawton, who has been ill at his home, was taken to the Newport Hospital on Tuesday.

Mr. Fred P. Webber, who has been confined to his home with diphtheria, has resumed his duties at the Rogers High School, returning there on Monday.

Mr. William J. Peckham, Miss Dorothy A. and Elsie Peckham, Misses Roger and Frank T. Peckham, Jr., have been guests of Rev. and Mrs. Edward E. Wells, at their home in Attleboro. Rev. and Mrs. Wells were formerly situated in this town.

On Monday evening an incubator was responsible for a fire in a barn belonging to Mrs. William R. Hunter, on Bliss Mine Road. The fire apparatus was called from Newport and a part of the barn was saved, but a brood of small chickens and a number of farm tools were destroyed.

"The Sister of Shakespeare," Joann Dalle (1702-1851) was conferred with the title of the "Sister of Shakespeare." She was a distinguished British poet and dramatist, and was given this title because of the remarkable insight into human nature manifested in her plays, several of which were acted by Keen, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Among her more famous drama may be mentioned "The Family Legend," "De Montfort" and "Basil."

It Happens So. When I was a boy I knew a boy who didn't appear to amount to much; work was a thing that he didn't enjoy, and his books were things he would seldom touch. Every one said, in those bygone days, that fame and riches would never be his, he would sink, they thought, into useless ways, and there is exactly where he is.—Exchange.

Too Keen in His Desire. Jud Tunkin says the most incompetent hired man is always the one who is most anxious to quit work and undertake to be a boss.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 20th, 1922.

Estate of James H. Gordon.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of James H. Gordon, of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the tenth day of March next, at ten o'clock a.m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 6th, 1922.

Estate of Elizabeth F. Lawton.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth F. Lawton, deceased, is granted for probate, and the same is received and referred to the tenth day of March instant, at ten o'clock a.m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 6th, 1922.

Estate of Mary E. Feeney.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Mary E. Feeney, of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-seventh day of March instant, at ten o'clock a.m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

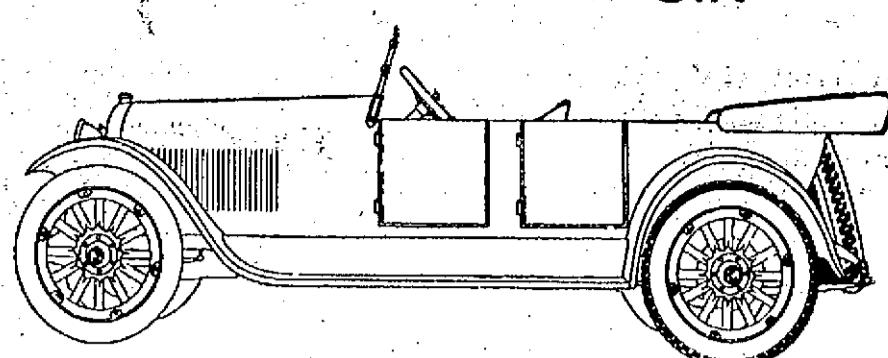
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 6th, 1922.

Estate of Grace Eleanor Murphy.

GARDNER E. REYNOLDS, Guardian of the person and estate of Grace Eleanor Murphy, minor, of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate situated in Newport, being lots sixty-seven (67) and sixty-eight (68) on a certain map of the Housing Corporation property (so-called) in the southern part of the City of Newport made by Chandler & Palmer, Engineers, dated A. D. 1919, recorded in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Newport in the Old Book No. 1 on page one, on which lots is the "semi-detached house" numbered 83 Old Fort Road and Palmer Street, and praying for reasons therein set forth to be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at an auction or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of said sale, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-seventh day of March instant, at ten o'clock a.m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 8th, 1922.

Estate of Grace Eleanor Murphy.

GARDNER E. REYNOLDS, Guardian of the person and estate of Grace Eleanor Murphy, minor, of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate situated in the City of Newport made by Chandler & Palmer, Engineers, dated A. D. 1919, recorded in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Newport in the Old Book No. 1 on page one, on which lots is the "semi-detached house" numbered 83 Old Fort Road and Palmer Street, and praying for reasons therein set forth to be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at an auction or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of said sale, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-seventh day of March instant, at ten o'clock a.m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 11th, 1922.

Estate of Herkiah D. Mitchell.

Request in writing is made by Frank L. Mitchell and wife, heirs at law, of Herkiah D. Mitchell, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that Frank L. Mitchell of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 11th day of April, 1922, at 10 o'clock p.m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 11th, 1922.

Estate of Elsie E. Gracia.

PETITION in writing is made by Frank L. Mitchell of said New Shoreham and others, requesting that he, said Frank L. Mitchell, of said New Shoreham or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Elsie E. Gracia, a person of full age, reputed to be of sound mind, having a legal residence in said New Shoreham, and said petition is received and referred to the 11th day of April, 1922, at 10 o